

FIFTY CENTS *

APRIL 18, 1969

RAGE AND REFORM ON CAMPUS

TIME

STRIKE
HARVARD



We hesitate to call it a poor man's Rolls-Royce.
Actually, it's a rich man's Volvo.



If you've always wanted an imitation Rolls-Royce, this isn't it.

This is a genuine Volvo (the new 164) that happens to look very expensive but costs nowhere near \$19,600.

It was designed for people who want a car as solid and sensible as a Volvo. But a bit more elegant.

The 164 has bucket seats upholstered in leather, expensive carpeting, power steering, power disc brakes, and, as you can see, a new look.

It also has a 6-cylinder

engine powerful enough to out-accelerate a Mercedes 250.

But the big thing about the 164 isn't how fast it is or how plush it is. It's how tough it is. The 164 is built to be as indestructible as any other Volvo.

As a result, it should last for years after it's paid for. And let you keep the money you'd normally spend for a new car.

This is why the 164 is, in the truest sense of the term, a rich man's Volvo.

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Belted tires: The difference is measured in miles.

There's a revolution in tire development going on at B.F. Goodrich.

It has to do with belted tires, the kind we'll be riding on in the 70's.

We're making two kinds. The bias-belted. And the radial-belted. Both have belts that circle the tire underneath the tread.

And both are measurably better than the unbelted tires most of us ride on today.

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Compared to an unbelted tire, our bias-belted will give you substantially better mileage.

But best of all is the B.F. Goodrich Silvertown radial-belted tire, the biggest innovation in tires since we invented the tubeless tire.

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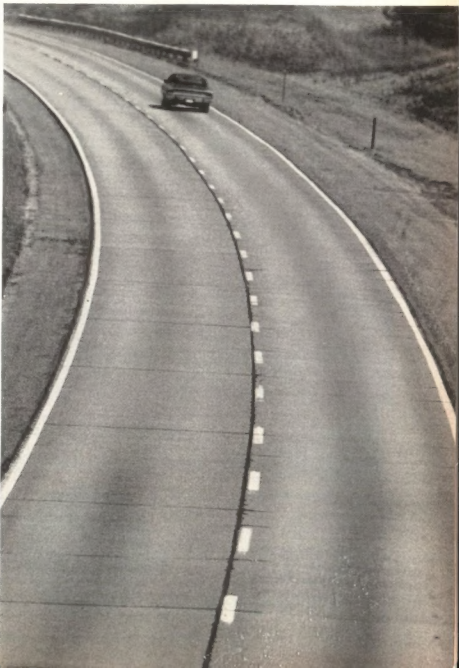
The unbelted tire is good.

The bias-belted tire is better.

The Silvertown radial-belted tire is best.

B.F. Goodrich

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difference in tires.**



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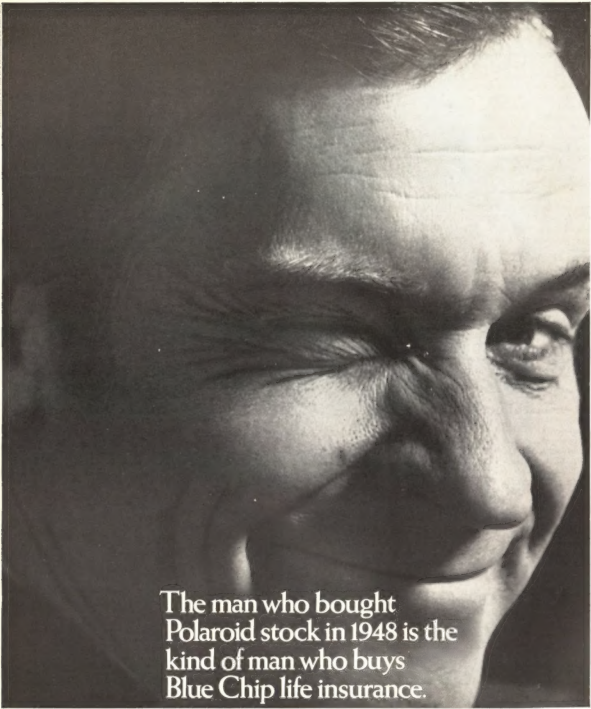
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(proved in latest industry study, 1948-68).
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Connecticut Mutual Life
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 16

SPECTRUM (NET, 8-8:30 p.m.).* Does the need for research funds from federal sources place scientists under Government control? The issue is debated on "Science and Politics," Part 1.

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). "Johnny Cash . . . On the Road" stars country-and-Western troubadour Cash, includes Kate Smith, Don Ho and Paul Lynde. A country-music concert medley with Cash's touring show provides the grand finale.

Thursday, April 17

CHRYSLER PRESENTS THE BOB HOPE SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Patti Page, Jack Nicklaus, Jane Wyman and Tina Louise join in the antics on Bob's final show of the season.

THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). **UMC** (University Medical Center), a pilot-movie harbinger of the autumn's scheduled epidemic of doctor series, stars James Daly, Maurice Evans, Richard Bradford, Kevin McCarthy, Kim Stanley and Edward G. Robinson.

Friday, April 18

THE SAINT (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Premiere of the series, returning for the summer. Roger Moore as Simon Templar is involved in a £1,000,000 robbery and helps out the usual distressed damsel.

Saturday, April 19

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (NBC, 2 p.m. to conclusion). Oakland A's v. the Kansas City Royals, at Kansas City.

TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). A field including Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer, Billy Casper, Lee Trevino and last year's champ Don January will be trying for the \$30,000 first prize. Final round Sunday, 4-5:30 p.m. From La Costa Country Club, Rancho La Costa, Calif.

CBS GOLF CLASSIC (CBS, 4-5:30). Finals of the season-long tournament, with George Archer and Bob Lunn v. Al Geiberger and Dave Stockton; last 18 holes Sunday from 4 to 5:30.

Sunday, April 20

NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE (CBS, 2-5 p.m.). Stanley Cup Play-Off.

EXPERIMENT IN TELEVISION (NBC, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). "Big Sur." Frank Gagliano's original battle, tells the tale of a middle-aged Midwesterner's drive to California. The role is played by Gene Troobnick; James Coco, Billy Dee Williams and Kate Harrington are some of the characters he meets along the way.

BROADWAY '69—THE TONY AWARDS (NBC, 10-11:30 p.m.). The cream of Broadway assembles to give and receive recognition for the past year's plays and performances; co-hosts are Alan King and Diahann Carroll. Among those presenting awards will be Dustin Hoffman, Gwen Verdon and Leslie Uggams.

Monday, April 21

SPOON RIVER (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A compressed version of Edgar Lee Masters' small-town Americana, with Jason Robards, Charles Aidman, Joyce Van Patten

and Jennifer West. The original, on Broadway, was a critical success in 1963.

Tuesday, April 22

WHITE PAPER: THE ORDEAL OF THE AMERICAN CITY (NBC, 7:30-9 p.m.). White society in a "crisis of spirit." The example here in microcosm, San Francisco State College, is examined by Frank McGee.

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "The World of David Amram" looks into the panorama of (jazz to cantatas) musical talents of the 38-year-old composer. His *Three Songs for America*, written in memory of John F. Kennedy, Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, will be premiered on the program.

THEATER

On Broadway

1776 presents a stereotypical version of the key signers of the Declaration of Independence and their sometimes abrasive, sometimes soporific deliberations at the second Continental Congress. The musical succeeds only in bringing the heroic, tempestuous birth of a people and a polity down to a feeble vaudevillean jape.

HAMLET. Everything about Ellis Rabb's APA production is peculiarly wrong, including Rabb's portrayal of Hamlet as if the Prince of Denmark were in desperate need of geriatric drugs.

IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER. Heinar Kipphardt's version of the 1954 Atomic Energy Commission hearings on Oppenheimer is more dissertation than drama; the play is as inert as stone and a cruel test of audience patience.

CELEBRATION is a musical fairy tale by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, co-creators of *The Fantasticks*. With a straight melodic line and unpretentiously apt lyrics, the show is intimate and beguiling.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM. Woody Allen is the hero of his own play about a neurotic young man, rejected by girls even in his dreams, who is finally coached into bed with his best friend's wife by his fantasy hero, Humphrey Bogart.

FORTY CARATS is a comedy of new marital modes and manners featuring a lovely Julie Harris as a middle-aged lady wooed and won by a 22-year-old lad.

HADRIAN VII. Alec McCowen exhibits an outstanding command of technique as Frederick William Rolfe in this deft dramatization of Rolfe's novel of wish fulfillment, *Hadrian the Seventh*.

Off Broadway

INVITATION TO A BEHEADING. As a play Russell McGrath's adaptation of the Vladimir Nabokov novel is less than successful, but Ming Cho Lee's set is elegant, Gerald Freedman's direction is deft, and the acting is high-styled and full of flair.

STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME is an evening of three slightly savage and humorous one-act plays by Novelist James Leo Herlihy, performed ably by the Theater Company of Boston.

ADAPTATION—NEXT. Elaine May directs both her own play, *Adaptation* and Terrence McNally's *Next* in an evening of perceptive and richly comic one-acters.

DAMES AT SEA. A delightful spoof of the movie musicals of the '30s, with an enthusiastic and gifted minicast of six, in-

cluding Bernadette Peters as Ruby, who taps her way to stardom in one day.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK is a loving tribute to Negro Playwright Lorraine Hansberry presented by a talented interracial cast in which whites as well as blacks speak for her.

CINEMA

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS is a slick adaptation of Philip Roth's novella about being young, in love and Jewish. Director Larry Peerce is a canny craftsman, and if his film is a little too glossy, his actors—especially beautiful newcomer Ali MacGraw—all perform with warmth and endearing conviction.

THE ASSASSINATION BUREAU. This is the one to take the family to see on the next rainy Saturday afternoon. Oliver Reed and Diana Rigg battle bad guys all across, and sometimes above, Europe in an unceasing repertory of derring-do that will keep the kids enthralled and their parents astounded.

STOLEN KISSES. François Truffaut continues his cinematic autobiography in this lyrical souvenir of a young man's adolescence and sometimes reluctant journey into manhood.

THE NIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING DAY. Marlon Brando is back in brilliant form as a hipster-criminal in this thriller directed by Hubert Cornfield, who uses a story about kidnapping as an excuse to conduct a surreal seminar on the poetics of violence.

I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW) is the movie everyone has heard about but few will be able to sit through. Its widely publicized sex scenes are secondary to a seemingly interminable journalistic narrative about youth (mainly Lena Nyman and Börje Ahlstedt) and politics in Sweden.

THE FIXER. John Frankenheimer has directed this adaptation of Bernard Malamud's novel with care and dedication. Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm all seem perfect in their roles.

THE STALKING MOON pits canny frontier scout Gregory Peck against an ingenious Indian bent on a bloody and horrible revenge. The outcome is predictable, but Director Robert Mulligan manages a couple of good chills along the way.

SWEET CHARITY. A great deal of energy obviously went into this project. Most of it, including Shirley MacLaine's performance as a dance-hall hostess, goes to waste. **RED BEARD**. Japan's Akira Kurosawa, who is counted as one of the world's greatest moviemakers, takes a simple story of the spiritual growth of a young doctor and transforms it into an epic moral play.

THE SHAME. Ingmar Bergman ponders once again the problems of an artist's moral responsibility. This is his 29th film and one of his best, with resonant performances by Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow and Gunnar Björnstrand.

BOOKS

Best Reading

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE, by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Through flashbacks to the fire bombing of Dresden in World War II, this agonizing, outrageous, funny, profoundly rueful fable tries to say something about the timeless nature of human cruelty and self-protective indifference.

URGENT COPY, by Anthony Burgess. In a collection of brilliant short pieces about a long list of literary figures (from Dickens to Dylan Thomas), the author brings

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—Victor Lange, *The Atlantic*

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The Arms of Krupp

1587-1968

by the author of
The Death of a President

William Manchester

Illustrated with 40 pages of photographs; charts, notes, index; \$12.50 at bookstores.

Third big printing / A Literary Guild Selection

LITTLE, BROWN

Photo © Arnold Newman



ALFRIED KRUPP
1907-1967

many a gaudy critical chicken home to roost.

EDWARD LEAR, THE LIFE OF A WANDERER, by Vivien Noakes. In this excellent biography, the Victorian painter, poet, fantasist, and author of *A Book of Nonsense* is seen as a kindly, gifted man who courageously tried to stay cheerful despite an astonishing array of diseases.

THE SECRET WAR FOR EUROPE, by Louis Hagen. As he explores the development of espionage agencies and replays a host of cold war spy cases, the author presents a detailed view of politics and espionage in Germany since 1945.

REFLECTIONS UPON A SINKING SHIP, by Gore Vidal. A collection of perceptively sardonic essays about the Kennedys, Tarkan, Susan Sontag, pornography, the 29th Republican Convention, and other aspects of what Vidal sees as the declining West.

THE MILITARY PHILOSOPHERS, by Anthony Powell. The ninth volume in his serial novel, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, expertly conveys Powell's innumerable characters through the intrigue, futility, boredom and courage of World War II.

GRANT TAKES COMMAND, by Bruce Catton. Completing the trilogy begun by the late historian Lloyd Lewis, Catton employs lucidity and laconic humor as he follows the taciturn general to his final victory at Appomattox.

TORREGRECA, by Ann Cornelisen. Full of an orphan's love for her adopted town, the author has turned a documentary of human adversity in southern Italy into the unflinching autobiography of a divided heart.

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT, by Philip Roth. This frenzied monologue by a sex-obsessed Jewish bachelor on a psychiatrist's couch becomes a comic novel about the absurdly painful wounds created by guilt and puritanism.

THE TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON, by Eric F. Goldman. Instant history, like instant coffee, can sometimes be remarkably palatable. At least it is in this memoir by a former White House aide who sees L.B.J. as "an extraordinarily gifted President who was the wrong man from the wrong place at the wrong time under the wrong circumstances."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Portnoy's Complaint, Roth (1 last week)
2. The Godfather, Puzo (3)
3. The Salzburg Connection, MacInnes (2)
4. Sunday the Rabbi Stayed Home, Kemelman (6)
5. A Small Town in Germany, le Carré (4)
6. Airport, Hailey (5)
7. The Voyeur, Sutton
8. The Lost Queen, Loftis
9. The Vines of Yarabee, Eden (10)
10. Force 10 from Navarone, MacLean (7)

NONFICTION

1. The 900 Days, Salisbury (1)
2. The Arms of Krupp, Manchester (3)
3. Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women, Craig (2)
4. The Money Game, 'Adam Smith' (5)
5. Jennie, Martin (6)
6. The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson, Goldman (4)
7. Grant Takes Command, Catton
8. The Joys of Yiddish, Rosten (10)
9. The Volochi Papers, Maas (7)
10. The Trouble with Lawyers, Bloom (8)

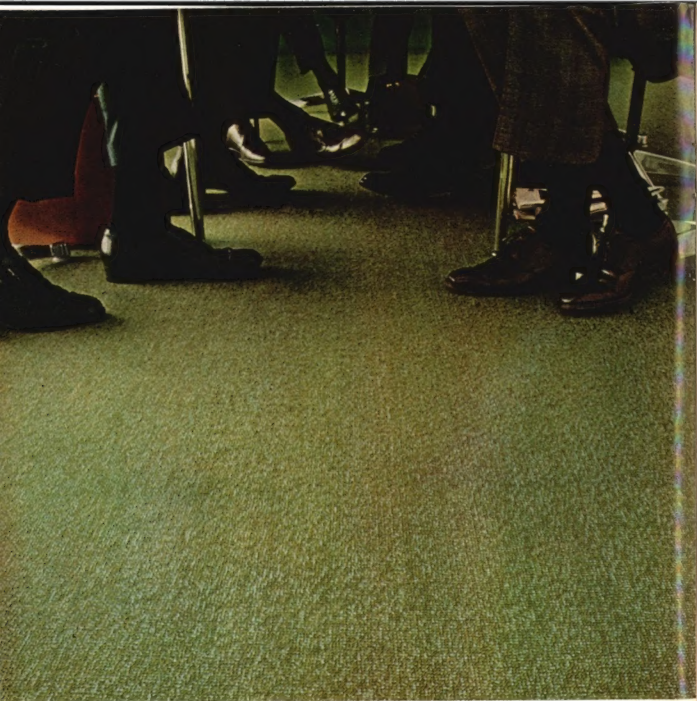
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LETTERS

Taxing the Taxman

Sir: I am so outraged and appalled that my mind is spluttering! Your article "Why Tax Reform Is So Urgent and So Unlikely" [April 4] should be read and read by every middle-income citizen of the U.S. All these years, while my husband and I and our two daughters have been trying to keep within our means so that we can pay our bills and taxes as good citizens, we have been taken.

Paying our taxes with the usual good-natured griping, we felt that as long as the people making much more than we did were paying their share, the tax burden could be borne with a feeling of having done our share, too. Now, we are hit between the eyes with the outrageous fact that the burden has not been shared.

It has always been accepted that the Government doesn't collect income taxes from mobsters; the indigent cannot be expected to pay, nor can welfare recipients. And now we have to swallow the bitter pill of knowing that the wealthy do not have to pay taxes either. I'm disgusted!

Where can I sign up to join the militant group of tax grippers? I'm ready!

(MRS.) HELEN S. TIEFZ

Wilkesburg, Pa.

Sir: Perhaps the money given generously to charity (and providing a tax deduction) was used to set up a scholarship program for needy college students, or perhaps the gift went to fight cancer or heart disease.

Why shouldn't our tax structure reward the donor who does so much for his fellow man? What will it cost our great institutions of higher learning and our volunteer crusades against disease if these tax incentives are removed?

STAN HALL

Canton, N.Y.

Sir: Let's be honest. A tax break is an exemption when it applies to us and a loophole when it applies to others.

MARTIN J. MILES

Boulder, Colo.

Hail and Farewell

Sir: Your excellent cover article on General Eisenhower, the great soldier President [April 4], really touched me and carried my heart to Abilene. How accurately you report that he embodied serene America. Standing on his achievements, Ike may truly be regarded as one of America's, nay, the world's greatest generals. Adlai Stevenson once said: "I venture to suggest that patriotism is not a short and frenzied outburst of emotion but the tranquil and steady dedication of a lifetime." The same can be said of Ike, the hero who deposed heroes.

ANURUP BANERJEE

Calcutta, India

Sir: So it's a B plus for Eisenhower in the presidential final exam, is it? All he did was keep us from the brink, from confrontation, escalation and tragic military catastrophe. If that rates a B plus, Kennedy would be lucky to get an F minus.

Let the professors grade papers. History will report on Presidents soon enough.

THOMAS B. STREISSGUTH

Los Angeles

Sir: Apparently we not only liked Ike; we loved him.

ELIZABETH A. SCHLAEDMAN

Pittsburgh

Sir: Your article reminded me of an anecdote related by my father, who was born near Abilene, Kans., in 1888. During the patriotic fervor following the blowing up of the battleship *Maine* in 1898, my father and his contemporaries frequently played soldier. They refused to let Ike Eisenhower play. He was too little.

JOSEPH E. GOODELL JR.

Bryan, Ohio

Sir: A commentary on the violent age in which we live was reflected in the question of our six-year-old daughter, while watching the funeral of Eisenhower.

She asked: "Mother, who shot him?"

MRS. DESMOND HERBERT

Jackson, Mich.

Role to Play

Sir: I do not know on what basis you reach the conclusion in your essay "The Future of Black Leadership" [April 4] that "Roy Wilkins, despite the 450,000 membership of the N.A.A.C.P., has lost more ground than any other leader, with the decline of integration as the principal issue and the loss of the N.A.A.C.P.'s traditional adversary role."

Last year N.A.A.C.P. membership increased by 23,239 and its total income by \$745,233.77. Included in the association's 1968 membership are 67,546 youth—the largest number of young people in the civil rights movement. Our membership figures, our incoming mail and the demand for his public appearance indicate no "loss of ground" by our executive director. On the contrary, there has been ample evidence of his increase in stature.

Integration remains a vital issue despite the loud and widely publicized demands of the black neo-segregationists. It is noteworthy that Southern black folk who have suffered most from the chains of Jim Crow have been most consistent in pressing for acceleration of desegregation. Meanwhile, the N.A.A.C.P. continues its "traditional adversary role," aided now in many areas by the Federal Government, thanks to new legislation largely instigated and vigorously and persistently lobbied for by the N.A.A.C.P.

HENRY LEE MOON

Director, Public Relations

N.A.A.C.P.

Manhattan

Sir: You correctly pointed out the reasons why white liberals yearn for the Martin Luther King image rather than that of Malcolm X—self-interest. And your statement that "white Americans are well

advised to provide every ounce of help they can" is in the same vein. What you only underscore in a parenthesis ("whites really choose black leaders") and in a reference to "white racism" is the much deeper problem. The crucial difference between King and Malcolm was that until shortly before his death, King was saying, "Look, whitey, move over and let us have some of what you've got," while Malcolm realized that what was needed was the more difficult job of changing the basic structures in society that continue to oppress the black community. How about trying an essay on white racism, since the goals and directions of black leaders are almost determined by such racism?

GARY L. CHAMBERLAIN

Berkeley, Calif.

Capp and Gown

Sir: TIME's account of my college lectures [April 11] recorded that I laugh at my own jokes (and I do), but neglected to mention that audiences laugh with me, and louder. TIME's account recorded the opinion that I was unfair to students; it neglected to mention that I often am given standing ovations by students. TIME recorded that I am no longer considered a liberal; it neglected to mention that I was given honorary degrees at two liberal colleges this year (Rollins and Ursinus). TIME recorded, regretfully but with unquenchable hope, "Capp so far has never been attacked on campus." TIME did not mention that I appear on campuses by invitation of students, and that I am, I rather think, the most in demand of all campus lecturers at my outrageous fee. TIME mentioned that fee; it neglected to mention that, in cases where schools cannot afford it, I frequently come free and accept instead paid-up scholarships, which I award to hard-up kids.

The students I blast are not the divveters, but the destroyers—the less than 4% who lock up deans in washrooms, who burn manuscripts of unpublished books, who make combination pigpens and playpens of their universities. The remaining 96% detest them as heartily as I do. They are the kids who invite me to their campuses, give me their ovations. To call a guy "anti-youth" because he is revolted by the gangsters among them is as fraudulent as to call LIFE magazine "anti-Italian" because it is revolted by the Mafia.

AL CAPP

Boston

Nice Little Poison Sticks

Sir: Last summer I was asked, as a consultant, to see a child with chronic lead poisoning. The pediatricians of our staff were

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speculating about the source of the lead and supplied the pat answer of paint chips, which the child's mother agreed she saw him eating. The pediatricians' answer agrees with all of the literature. But the literature, including your article "Deadly Lead in Children" [April 4], does not contain one of the most likely sources of today's lead poisoning in children.

Putty, which is used to hold window glass in place, contains 10% white lead (lead carbonate). This material is notorious for coming loose from the window frames in nice little candy sticks. Cans of lead putty currently on shelves in New Haven, Conn., are not even labeled "poison." Stores have about an equal amount of putty for sale as they do of glazing compound which serves the same purpose and contains no lead.

About our case of lead poisoning last summer, the child's mother finally recalled that she had also seen him eating putty which was cracking off the window frames, and the candy sticks of putty were probably a lot handier and tastier than paint chips.

RICHARD B. SWINE, M.D.

Assistant Resident in Dermatology
Yale University College of Medicine
New Haven, Conn.

Bubble, Bubble

Sir: In your article on astrology [March 21], you included a description and picture of a white witch—Dennis Bolling (Antares Auriel). I am that person. Apart from slandering the great witch mother and high priestess Sybil Leek, the article was a wretched anathema to me.

I was listed under the subtitle "Spells for

Love and Money." Witches never do spells for money unless a member of the craft is in definite financial need. Witches do not use psychedelic drugs ("along with pot and fascination"), and the "free colleges for dropouts" have the fat, rich and bored bourgeoisie for the largest part of their student body. My class was not "a how-to course in witchcraft"—there is no such thing, there never can be. There is no such program as "how to be a witch in ten easy lessons." Witchcraft is not folderol—it is the first religion known to man, a very ancient pagan religion antedating Christianity by thousands of years.

Because articles such as yours plant seeds of doubt, suspicion, and misunderstanding, witchcraft must remain hidden underground for years to come, just as it has been occulted for centuries.

DENNIS BOLLING
(Antares Auriel)

San Jose, Calif.

Walls as Canvases

Sir: I'd like to say a good word about the Helen Frankenthaler piece [March 28]. If all art criticism were written on that level of intelligence, readability and acuteness, we'd be a better-informed public. Too often the critics drown themselves and their ideas in a swirling sea of rhetoric intelligible to a favored few, sometimes only one.

But your review of the Frankenthaler show told us what it was about without being patronizing. The author informed and entertained without being pedantic. Who could ask for anything more?

ALFRED PALCA

Manhattan

Sir: I had put off repainting my living room for too long. But your inspiring article made me realize that my living-room walls were not just walls but huge, hard canvases screaming for fulfillment.

Paint cans and sponges in hand, and careful to use my shoulder rather than my wrist, I attacked the first wall with Sherwin-Williams gloss, trying for a flatheaded confrontation. There was something monumentally upsetting in the result; it was a chaos of raw emotion. The militant playfulness marking the first attack gave way to a scarifying vitality, almost flamelike, leaping forth and savagely sideways marking the spot where my youngest son had rubbed his backside across the wet wall. I charged on to the next one, which allowed for the incorporation of empty space, i.e., the doorway leading to the kitchen. Trying for a work full of people, animals, flowers and so on that only the sophisticated could see, I used only canary yellow but with a human edge around the doorway as a playful counterpoint to the hard edge of the baseboard.

Proclaiming no new doctrines and founding no new schools, I hit the last wall four hours later and proceeded to create stately, bold, blaring, cherry, apricot, pale gold, mauve, maroon, crimson, orange, cinnamon, whistling blue sails of forms. No gimmicks or gadgetry here, thank you. Carefully avoiding dehumanization and desexualization (in the painterly tradition), I strove to leave out as many myriad forms and colors as was possible. When finished, the wall seemed to cry out: "My name is Pat O'Connor—and goddammit, I can paint as well as Helen Frankenthaler!"

PATRICK T. O'CONNOR

Chevy Chase, Md.

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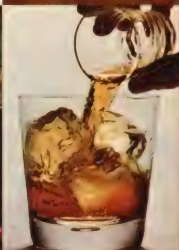
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TIME, APRIL 18, 1969



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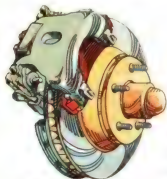
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TIME. APRIL 18, 1969

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THE NATION

THE AGE

Muted Gaudeamus

A scientist last week dispelled fears that a new Ice Age is about to engulf the world. Some climatologists had predicted that the Arctic pack ice would some day unfreeze. However, after examining sediment thought to be 4,000,000 years old at latitude 80° N., longitude 158° W., the University of Wisconsin's David Clark confidently predicted that no pack ice will chill Key Biscayne very soon. It was one of the few pieces of unequivocally good news heard lately, and it recalled Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*, which described man's survival amid a new Ice Age and other trials.

Today, facing furies unimaginable and unimaginable in Wilder's heyday, most people cannot share Wilder's optimism. In the 1960s the U.S. has admittedly been spared depressions, cataclysm, poxes, civil war and nuclear devastation—not to mention prevalent permafrost. Alas, few other prophets can speak with the certitude of geologists proclaiming an unfrozen future—as this or any week's news suggests. The Administration claims that Moscow may soon have the capability to devastate the U.S. with a formidable new battery of nuclear missiles. Yet any attempt to counter the Soviet threat (if it is real) would divert scarce funds from urgently needed domestic programs. Of course, the argument goes, social ills may speedily be cured as soon as the Viet Nam war is ended. But when will that be?

Knock on Wood. As if bent on self-destruction, man has made his water and air poisonous. Highways, airways and commuter railways have become choked to the suffocation point. The problems of the present may be deferrable, those of the future soluble. But by whom? Americans have traditionally sacrificed to educate their young and believed in the next generation's competence to settle a troubled world. Today that assumption is widely questioned. Education in its Latin origin means to bring up, but on American campuses recently, extremists have often made the process seem more like a bringing down, a reduction to absurdity of the meaning and intent of learning.

Is there then any rational basis for optimism? It is arguable. Perhaps, reason and prophecy to the contrary, man must rely on the instinctive hope, the muted *gaudeamus*, expressed by the maid Lily Sabina in Wilder's play:

"We've managed to survive for some time now, catch as catch can, the fat and the lean, and if the dinosaurs don't trample us to death, and if the grasshoppers don't eat up our garden, we'll all live to see better days. knock on wood."

EDWARD HENNING—HSE



RIOT DAMAGE IN KANSAS CITY REMAINING FROM LAST YEAR

NIXON, THE NEGRO AND THE BUDGET

DURING the campaign it was obvious enough, and the standard joke of reporters covering Nixon crowds was: "Five dollars for the first Negro." In November it was even clearer; fewer than 15% of the nation's black voters cast their ballots for the Republican ticket. It is doubtful that the figure would be much higher today.

After three months in office, the Nixon Administration cannot claim much success in gaining the confidence of the nation's 23 million Negroes or that of other minorities with similar problems. "I really don't think Mr. Nixon is sensitive to the problems of black people and poor people," says Ralph Abernathy,

Martin Luther King's successor as head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. "Blacks regard him as a President who is concerned only with the welfare of the rich and the affluent." Liberals in Congress, who generally have been chary in their criticism of Nixon so far, are now finding the Administration's inaction—and some of its action—on race and poverty an increasingly inviting target.

Lack of Coordination. In some respects the Government has been trying hard, and it is ironic that in an Administration that prides itself on efficiency and coordination one of the main roadblocks to better understanding with blacks is inefficiency and lack of coordination. No one has yet decided how the Administration should treat comprehensively the problem of the Negro. Sometimes, in fact, the Administration seems to be suffering from a mild case of schizophrenia.

The good side is clearly visible. Last week the Administration scraped together \$200 million in special aid to help rebuild areas damaged by riots. Despite fears that John Mitchell, the seemingly conservative Attorney General, would go slow on civil rights, he has moved the Justice Department vigorously into new areas. Last February the department went to court to force Houston to push integration more effectively in the South's biggest school district; last month it filed suit in Chicago to stop real estate operators from selling property at higher rates to Negroes than to whites.

Last week it brought an action against Cannon Mills, a giant textile maker, that, if successful, will provide two im-

DENNIS BRACE—REUTERS



SECRETARY MITCHELL

A case of schizophrenia.

portant precedents against discrimination. The first would ensure that blacks have equal access to company-owned housing; the second would do away with separate seniority lists for whites and blacks, a basic factor in employment discrimination in the South.

The other side, unfortunately, is often more obvious and disheartening. John Volpe, the Secretary of Transportation, has told highway builders that they no longer have to meet federal anti-discrimination standards when bidding on contracts. There would be time to comply, he said, when hiring for new construction actually started. Further, he added gratuitously, the anti-discrimination requirements were not "carved in granite." The N.A.A.C.P. charged that Volpe had made "a spineless capitulation" to the road builders.

Learning by Experience. About the same time, Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard met with representatives of three major textile producers, all of which had failed to meet fair-employment requirements expected of Government contractors. After his talk, Packard announced that the companies had agreed not to discriminate. But the agreement had not been spelled out in writing—violating the normal custom—and neither the Department of Labor nor the Justice Department had been consulted as they should have been. Packard, a former businessman himself, was probably only trying to cut through red tape, but the suspicion again was that the Republican Administration was currying favor with its rich friends.

The N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund is now charging in federal court that the Government violated its own law, and Packard—a far more experienced bureaucrat after 90 days—is requiring

written anti-bias agreements from companies holding defense contracts. Actually, the issue goes far beyond technicalities. Millions of workers are employed by companies doing some business with the Government. If Washington can outlaw discriminatory labor practices among its own suppliers, it will have gone a long way toward eliminating the problem nationwide.

Litany of Error. The forced resignation of Clifford Alexander Jr. as head of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission continued the litany of error. Testifying before a Senate subcommittee last month, Alexander, a Negro, was brutally chivied by Everett Dirksen, the G.O.P. Senate leader, who charged that businessmen were being harassed by Alexander's agency. "Either this punitive harassment is going to stop or somebody is going to lose his job," thundered Dirksen. The very next day the White House announced that Alexander would be replaced as chairman (although he will serve out his fixed term as a commission member).

The timing may have been only coincidental—as a Democrat, Alexander would probably have gone anyway—but it could scarcely have looked worse. No one was much surprised when Alexander last week stepped down before he was officially fired. "The public conclusion," he said, "is inescapable. Vigorous efforts to enforce the laws on employment discrimination are not among the goals of this Administration." The treatment of Alexander, complained Roy Wilkins, executive director of the N.A.A.C.P., was evidence of "anti-Negro racial policy with a minimum amount of fuzziness."

There was, however, considerable fuzziness surrounding Nixon's poverty program, another matter of no small concern to the nation's blacks. Keenly concerned about inflation, the Administration has been striving for an even bigger budget surplus—and greater cuts in spending—than its predecessor had proposed. It appears to have made good its aim, and President Nixon last week announced that \$4 billion more will be cut from the budget taking effect July 1—about \$1 billion from defense and about \$3 billion from non-defense programs. The projected surplus will be \$5.8 billion, compared with Lyndon Johnson's \$3.4 billion. What areas will feel the cuts most will not be known until this week, but some social programs are bound to be hurt.

Funds for the Job Corps, a prime Nixon target in the 1968 campaign, have already been drastically cut. By July 1, said Secretary of Labor George Shultz last week, the number of openings in the corps will shrink by more than a third, from 35,000 to 22,000, and the number of centers will be reduced from 113 to 84. Claimed savings: \$100 million. The Job Corps has had a mixed record of success and failure, but it seems recently to have learned



ALEXANDER

Inescapable public conclusion.

from its early mistakes. The Administration maintains that equally good training can be provided for less money in other programs. It will now be on its mettle to make good the claim.

Federal Lever. Many of Nixon's 1968 supporters, particularly in the South, are more than happy with inaction on civil rights. The pressure, in fact, one top Cabinet aide notes, "is very stiff and real" not only to stay put but to move backward. "The Southern state chairmen," he says, "tell you very directly that their people supported Nixon because they'd been promised that we'd let up on things like the school desegregation guidelines. And now they expect us to do it." They are hardly happy with Mitchell's court suits or with the decision of Robert Finch, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, to continue using the withholding of federal funds as a lever to force integration in Southern schools. At the same time, they can only be gratified by the Administration's other face.

The larger question for Nixon is more than lawsuits or guidelines, important as they may be. It is, as it was for his Democratic predecessors, the issue of basic priorities, the lines upon which his Administration will be drawn. So far, the problem of the Negro appears at least third down his list, after Viet Nam and inflation. It may not stay there, however, and Nixon might heed some words in his own Inaugural. "To go forward at all," he said on Jan. 20, "is to go forward together. This means black and white together, as one nation, not two." Nixon proved in November that a candidate could be elected without Negro votes. But it is doubtful that he can prove that a President can govern effectively without Negro confidence.



FINCH

Increasingly inviting target.

NIXON'S DIPLOMACY: THE VIET NAM WAR AND BEYOND

It was a week of intensive diplomatic activity on a variety of fronts for the Nixon Administration. And in encounter after encounter, the motif was conciliation.

Rather than invoking the legal deadline for imposing sanctions against Peru for seizing an American oil company's properties without satisfactory compensation, the President agreed that the matter could await litigation under Peruvian law. Then Washington began the process of re-establishing relations with Cambodia. At the disarmament conference in Geneva, the U.S. dropped its demands for on-site inspections of nuclear weapons plants, which the Russians have opposed. Secretary of State William Rogers announced that "there is nothing that stands in the way" of discussions with the Soviets on limitation of strategic nuclear arms. Rogers said he expected talks to begin "in the late spring or early summer."

The NATO ministerial conference in Washington, with American encouragement, concentrated on the possibility of a *détente* with the Warsaw Pact bloc. And Jordan's King Hussein concluded a White House visit, satisfied that the U.S. is following an "evenhanded" policy in the Middle East.

Mutuality. For all the upheavals elsewhere, Richard Nixon's central foreign policy concern remained the swift extrication of the U.S. from Viet Nam on honorable terms. As the Paris negotiations limp on with no settlement in sight, Nixon's thinking has focused increasingly on scaling down the American presence in Viet Nam. Even a limited withdrawal could ease domestic political pressure, perhaps reduce casualties and serve as a peace initiative. But how to take the first step safely?

To Nixon and his advisers, the ideal answer is "mutuality." Under this approach, the negotiators in Paris would work out a reciprocal and, if possible, concurrent withdrawal plan satisfactory to North Viet Nam and the U.S. alike. The Administration is banking—perhaps too optimistically—on Hanoi's having a growing desire for peace. As the Air Force had it, the massive U.S. bombardment of North Viet Nam would crack that nation's morale. If achieved the opposite result: by putting everyone in the front lines, the bombing created a spirit of defiance. But, as the theory goes, without the unifying goad of bombs, the hard-pressed peasants now have the leisure to reflect on their privations. As evidence, the monitors of Hanoi's newspapers and broadcasts report frequent condemnation of apathy and general slackness. There is also the tremendous death toll on the battlefield. In an interview with Italian Journalist Oriana Fallaci, North Viet Nam's Defense Minister, Vo Nguyen Giap, was asked if the American claim that he had "lost a half a million men" was cor-

rect. "That's quite exact," answered Giap without batting an eye.

Other forces are at work as well. Because Nixon has concluded that the war cannot be won within a time span that the U.S. would tolerate, he cannot let himself be solely dependent on the Paris talks. If the meetings go on too long, he could decide on a unilateral cutback of American forces. This might keep U.S. dissatisfaction with the war below the boiling point.

Few in Washington would consider a one-sided reduction that drains fighting strength. But every modern military force contains some "Pentagon fat"—in this case, desk soldiers and quar-

The latest in phraseology labels the Nixon approach as a "dual track" strategy in an "environment of pressure." In addition to the talks on troop withdrawals between the U.S. and North Viet Nam at Paris, it envisages simultaneous talks, open or secret, between the Saigon regime and the National Liberation Front on a political settlement for South Viet Nam. Washington feels that it has already made progress in achieving this second point by persuading South Viet Nam's President Thieu to declare publicly his willingness to talk with the N.L.F., and to hold open the possibility of a full political role for the opposition. Some have wondered

WALTER REEDER



NATO FOREIGN MINISTERS AT WASHINGTON RECEPTION*

"Mutuality" is the ideal answer.

termuster types. The return of some 50,000 to 75,000 such servicemen should have little effect on the fighting. Neither would any U.S. troops be withdrawn while the enemy was pushing hard—as he again seemed to be doing at week's end, when 45 cities and posts were hit by mortar and rocket attack. Again, an American reduction might subject Hanoi to world pressure for a similar withdrawal.

Reserve Plan. Nixon faces two risks in a one-sided pullback. His advisers are, in effect, professing to read the enemy's mind, and Americans have not shown themselves notably gifted in making the inscrutable Oriental scrutable. Nixon must also operate with the timing of a master actor. Should the President wait too long before beginning troop withdrawals, the impatience of the nation may seem to have forced his hand. Hanoi may then shed its supposed exhaustion and decide that it can achieve its ends more easily on the battlefield than at the conference table.

what there is in this for the Front, since Thieu seems committed to accepting only a non-Communist opposition. The Administration reply: That is what the Paris talks are all about.

Formula Magic. Washington skeptics can see little difference between Nixon's approach and that of Lyndon Johnson. In reply, Secretary of State Rogers notes that Johnson's "Manila Formula" delayed the withdrawal of allied forces up to six months after the North Vietnamese had gone home. This, said Rogers, implied an initial and unilateral enemy withdrawal, as opposed to Nixon's emphasis on true mutuality. For the present, Rogers hoped "that there would be some chance of mutual withdrawal of troops this year." In the dual-track approach, Rogers sees a "fair and reasonable" means for ending the conflict. But, he warned, "it isn't any magic formula, obviously."

* West Germany's Brandt, Britain's Stewart, U.S.'s Rogers, France's Debré.

ILLINOIS

Ogilvie's Offensive

When Illinois' new Republican Governor, Richard Ogilvie, went to Wrigley Field last week for the Chicago Cubs' opening game, some brisk applause greeted him. "If I'd showed up there a week earlier," he observed, "they'd probably have thrown beer cans at me."

Ogilvie's quick action in dealing with racial demonstrations had for the moment offset the unpopularity of his tax proposal. But the ephemeral drift of public opinion and other obstacles seem to matter little to the Governor. In three months in office he has marched without hesitation into every political minefield in sight. He has promised to "dis-mantle" Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic machine. He has set out to overhaul the state's fiscal program, and in his spare time to reorganize the state Republican party.

The fight with Daley falls somewhat short of total war. When Daley asked for National Guard troops this month to contain disturbances on the eve of the anniversary of Martin Luther King's death, Ogilvie began moving some 5,000 soldiers within 14 minutes. But that concordat between the old rivals was a rare thing. The Governor is pushing through a stiff anti-fraud voting law aimed at the kind of ballot-box finagling for which Cook County is famous. Another Ogilvie-backed bill would make Chicago's mayoralty election non-partisan; when candidates must run without official party labels, organizational control over them is weakened. The cruelest thrust against Daley is a proposal to reform Chicago's civil service system and thus wreck the giant patronage network that has maintained the Daley combine as one of the last of the oldtime machines. Ogilvie associates added to the mayor's woes last week by backing an insurgent Democrat

who squeezed out a slender victory over a Daley regular in a Chicago aldermanic election.

Ogilvie has also been brash in his approach to taxpayers. Illinois ranks third among states in per capita personal income, but 49th in the percentage of personal income going to state and local taxation. Ogilvie believes that the "bed-rock needs of this state" demand radical change. Even the Republican legislative leaders were stunned by the size of his proposal: a budget increase of 45% and the biggest tax jump in Illinois history, including its first income tax. The money would be used to hike welfare spending by more than 20%, nearly double aid to elementary and secondary public education and, for the first time, provide state support for private and parochial schools.

Coming from a Presbyterian who has been regarded as conservative and at a time when taxpayers generally are restive, the fiscal package obviously required a good deal of courage. Its future is uncertain, and mail to Springfield is running 4 to 1 against the income tax, but Ogilvie remains unmoved. "I did not run for office," he says, "to evade responsibility."

Ultimate Control. Ogilvie feels the same way toward his party. Since January, he has consolidated the G.O.P.'s hitherto chaotic fund-raising and spending procedures, which often worked at cross-purposes, and has begun combining branches of the state organization with local party units. In each case, the man in ultimate control: Richard Ogilvie.

Being in charge—and in combat—is nothing new to him. As a sergeant in World War II, he commanded a tank. During a battle near the Nazi lines, a shell fragment ripped into the left side of his face, and plastic surgery left him with a stiff, dour expression that matches his personality. Smiles come hard to the new Governor, even if he were of the mind for them. Ogilvie built his public reputation as a federal prosecutor, gaining wide publicity in 1960 when he prosecuted a Chicago gang boss on income tax fraud. Ogilvie's masklike, bespectacled countenance became a familiar sight on Chicago television screens, enhancing his image as a tenacious racket buster. As the rare Republican who could win elections in Daley's domain, Ogilvie and the mayor have a longstanding feud. In 1962, Ogilvie was elected sheriff of Cook County, and four years later he won the presidency of the Cook County board of commissioners.

If Ogilvie's methods are nothing new, some of his ideology is. He used to consider himself a conservative; last year he ran on a law-and-order platform and did not discourage the campaign help of Ronald Reagan. But Ogilvie, in his political prime at 46 and with his ambition whetted by his taste of statewide office, today terms himself part of that ever-growing American sub-party, the pragmatists.



KENNEDY IN ALASKA
Reminded once again

POLITICS

Ted's Troubles in the Tundra

It started as a sentimental, if somewhat political journey. Alaska's Indians and Eskimos, neglected in their isolation, had been a goal on Robert Kennedy's poverty itinerary that he did not live to make. Picking up his brother's trail last week, Senator Edward Kennedy undertook a three-day, 3,600-mile tour of remote Alaskan villages that took him to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. But before the trip was half over, Ted Kennedy was reminded once again of the complexity of Robert's legacy. Besides having inherited the constituency of the poor,* he is also heir to the charges of ruthless political ambition that always bedeviled Robert—accusations that Ted was able to avoid as long as he was only the kid brother.

Revolt. For the first day and a half, it seemed like the typical congressional trip for Kennedy's Senate Subcommittee on Indian Education. That tour was frankly set up, as such excursions are, to generate publicity for legislation—in this case, to improve educational and anti-poverty programs for Eskimos and Indians. On the second day, however, Kennedy was faced with a mutiny by the three Republican Senators on his committee. They abruptly abandoned the trip, charging that it was "a stage-managed scenario" to boost Kennedy's presidential prospects. Hollywood's Senator George Murphy, who used to get star billing himself, took a look at the mob of cameramen focusing in on the Kennedy face and decided that the occasion "was turning into a kind of

* While Ted was in Alaska, Wife Joan went to Brooklyn to visit a job-training center that Robert Kennedy helped establish two years ago.



GOVERNOR OGILVIE
Into the minefields.



BETWEEN VISITS TO VILLAGES
of the complexity of the legend.

Roman circus." Said a Republican Committee aide of Murphy's pique: "He was just tired of a one-man show."

The immediate cause of the blowup was the disclosure of a 43-page confidential staff memorandum advising Kennedy to focus television coverage "on native poverty contrasted with the affluence of Government installations" in Alaska. The memo suggested that the word "colonialism" would describe the situation.

Kennedy defended the memo as routine for such a tour and said that the three Republicans, Murphy, Henry Bellmon of Oklahoma and William Saxbe of Ohio, had been sent copies. But the three said they had not received them before they left on the trip. Although committee staffs habitually do spudwork prior to such tours, the Kennedy staff went further into detail than most and was blunter than it might have been in laying down conclusions and stage directions before the trip even began. Senator Ted Stevens and Representative Howard W. Pollock, Alaska Republicans, stuck with the tour and somewhat blunted the G.O.P. charges against Kennedy. Asked about alleged G.O.P. Policy Committee pressure on him to quit also, Stevens said angrily: "This fact-finding investigation is good for my state. I'm not going to criticize any aspect of it."

Overshadowed. The G.O.P. assault on a subcommittee chairman, almost unprecedented in the ceremonious Senate sanctum, was especially ironic in Kennedy's case. The young Senator has always gone out of his way to be respectful of Senate customs. Since his emergence as a possible presidential candidate, however, Republicans have been treating him like an opposition candidate; the Alaska revolt was not an isolated incident. Senator Everett Dirksen

recently attempted to turn Kennedy's hearings on discriminatory hiring into an assault on Government "harassment" of business, and Administration spokesmen criticized the Senate Select Committee on Hunger after Kennedy helped it reverse a fund cutoff. After the Alaskan revolt, an Administration official was quoted as praising the Republican Senators' decision to abandon the inspection tour. One Democrat, Minnesota Senator Walter Mondale, suggested that the Administration, strapped for funds, was trying to play down disclosures of urgent welfare needs.

Although it was hoped that Kennedy's presence on the tour would draw public attention to the miserable condition of Alaskan natives, the flap overshadowed the poverty. Lost in the accusations was the close-up look that the subcommittee got at the squalor in a far-off corner of America. Landing on frozen rivers, slogging through thigh-high snow in zero temperature, the Senators visited primitive villages where the unemployment rate is 60%. They had to bend low to get into crude Eskimo homes, rancid one-room shacks with no plumbing that house up to eleven people. They visited a village where residents have to walk two miles for water, and areas where only eight out of 100 native Alaskans graduate from high school.

Conditions in Alaska have been improving rapidly in the past few years, but they still have a long way to go to catch up with the rest of the U.S. Excursions like Kennedy's, whatever the publicity dividends for the tour guide, help remind the nation of those beyond affluence's pale—just as Bob Kennedy's visits to Appalachia and the Mississippi Delta did. In the meantime, Ted Kennedy, like Robert before him, is making good political mileage out of his rapport with America's downtrodden.

NEW YORK

Wagner's Return

Robert F. Wagner voluntarily gave up New York's mayoralty in 1965, a spent man. When he said that "twelve years are enough," no one argued with him. He was succeeded by the bright, energetic figure of John Lindsay, a Republican who promised to turn Democratic New York upside down.

Last week a rejuvenated Wagner, now almost 59 and recently back from a stint as Ambassador to Spain, showed up looking for his old job. The images were almost reversed. Now it was Lindsay, gaunter and grayer after four years of grappling with crises, who seemed like a man on the defensive. Wagner, his hair slicked back and sporting a well-fitting gray suit and a television-blue shirt at his press conference, presented the fresh—albeit unexciting—face.

Wagner's latter years in office were dreary and ineffectual, and he invited—by continued public borrowing and evasion of problems—many of the troubles that beset Lindsay. But Lindsay's own record is now tarnished, and at

the press conference announcing his candidacy, Wagner was in confident good humor. He proclaimed no bold new programs—of course. Instead, the soothing voice intoned: "I do not pretend or believe that I can solve all the problems of New York City." But he made it clear that he thought he could do a better job than Lindsay, whom he accused of multiplying the city's problems. Wagner's style is more Milton than Fun City, and there were politicians who were betting that quiet is just what many of the city's white middle- and working-class voters will want after four turbulent years under Lindsay.

Narrowing the List. Wagner's entrance into the race is expected to add stability to the Democratic contest by inducing at least two of the seven other announced mayoral candidates to drop out in his favor, Wagner will have to face his rivals in the June 17 Democratic primary. His chances are no worse than those of Lindsay in the G.O.P. primary, where two conservative Republicans are challenging the mayor. Wagner presents a threat to Lindsay's re-nomination by the Liberal Party, which provided Lindsay's margin of victory last time. The Liberals have backed Wagner in the past, and at their convention this week, there will be strong labor-union backing for him.

Why would Wagner leave his prosperous law practice for another shot at a man-killing job? Some cynics suggest he is really angling for the Senate nomination next year; he has always hankered for his late father's seat on Capitol Hill. Perhaps, like many career politicians, he cannot abide private life. Or perhaps he wants to protect his party from the candidacy of Novelist Norman Mailer, who has been threatening to seek the nomination with Jimmy Breslin, journalist, author and character-about-town, as his running mate for city council president.



FORMER MAYOR WAGNER
Back to Milton?

LOS ANGELES

From Chief of Police to

Chief Pontificator

At first it was a joke, and Los Angeles Police Chief Thomas Reddin found it as funny as anyone else. Wouldn't Reddin, someone had laughingly suggested, be an ideal TV newscaster for station KTLA, which recently lost its veteran anchorman? Jest or not, the idea made increasing sense to the station, controlled by Gene Autry, and to the chief himself. Last week Reddin announced he would retire after 28 years on the force to become KTLA's chief commentator.

Not Above Demagoguery. Any other time, Reddin's resignation would have caused only surprise in Los Angeles. In the midst of a bitter mayoral campaign, it became an immediate political issue, with Mayor Sam Yorty, the underdog, espousing an angle that might make voters forget the shortcomings of his own regime. Never one to avoid a little demagoguery when cornered, Yorty had already charged his opponent, Negro Councilman Thomas Bradley, with running a racist campaign.

Now Yorty claimed that Bradley was partly responsible for the resignation of Reddin, probably the best-liked big-city chief in the country. Though Reddin would deny it, said Yorty in his pious fashion, he was really worried that Bradley, who has often criticized the police, would become mayor.

In fact, Reddin's motives were far different. Not only would his TV contract give him about three times as much money to start with (\$100,000 a year v. \$32,800, with \$150,000 after five years and perhaps a share of the station's profits), but it would also allow him far greater freedom to say what was on his mind. And Reddin, an old-

fashioned crusader who veers between conservative and liberal tendencies—with accent on the conservative—has a great deal on his mind.

"I am almost a compulsive talker," he confessed to *TIME* Correspondent Robert Anson last week. "I love talking with people, trying to mold attitudes, change social value systems and get people involved in solving urban problems. In one telecast I can talk to more people than I have in the past two years."

Would he have remained as chief and taken orders from a black mayor? "Hell, yes!" was his answer. Still, his decision to leave at this time has probably hurt Bradley, if only slightly, and the black councilman—himself a former L.A. police lieutenant—will now have the added burden of proving to many whites that he is indeed for law and order.

Next time around Reddin may be involved in the race more directly. While he thought about running this year, he has confided to friends, he decided the notion was "too presumptuous"—for the present. After four years as KTLA's chief pontificator, Reddin, now only 52, may find the idea modest enough.

THE ENVIRONMENT

Beyond the Bug

Pesticides such as DDT, parathion, aldrin and dieldrin are both ally and enemy to man. The chemicals annihilate predators: the aphids that plague rose fanciers, disease-bearing mosquitoes, beetles that spread Dutch elm disease, insects that devour crops. As a farmer's helper, pesticides increase crop yields, hence profits. But poison is blind. I oosed annually by the ton from planes, boats, trucks, tractors and handy spray cans,



RACHEL CARSON
Poison is blind.

it cannot isolate its target. Since Rachel Carson exposed the pesticides' threat seven years ago, in *Silent Spring*, evidence of the chemicals' pernicious effects on birds, plants, fish, animals and occasionally man has continued to grow. Yet little in the way of effective control has been attempted—until now.

Arizona has outlawed DDT for one year to determine just how harmful it is. Similar legislation is pending in Pennsylvania and Michigan, while the Illinois house of representatives has passed two pesticide-control bills without a single dissenting vote. The Wisconsin department of natural resources is in the midst of pesticide hearings. Among other things, DDT, with its long-lived potency, is blamed for causing birds to produce eggs with thin shells, thereby contributing to the disappearance of the bald eagle, osprey and peregrine falcon.

Poor Fish. In the U.S. Senate this week, Wisconsin Democrat Gaylord Nelson is commemorating the fifth anniversary of Rachel Carson's death by introducing a bill to create a national commission on pesticides. Although federal regulatory legislation governing labeling and registration is on the books, it has rarely been enforced. There has not been a criminal prosecution under this statute for 13 years. As a result, the chemical industry, which annually produces 1.05 billion pounds of pesticides (value: \$787 million) continues to be secretive about registration data.

Reacting to the growing pressure for stricter enforcement, the Food and Drug Administration last month seized 28,150 pounds of Lake Michigan coho salmon infected by pesticide residue. But no one knows how much of the fish plucked from U.S. lakes daily by commercial and sport fishermen is contaminated. A classic example is Clear Lake, Calif., where DDT (in the minuscule proportion of two one-hundredths of a part per million parts of water) was used to kill off



CHIEF REDDIN

Chance to speak his mind—which is saying a lot.

a troublesome, lake-hatching insect. As a result, plankton accumulated DDT residues at five parts per million; fatty tissue of fish feeding on lake-bottom life was found to contain several hundred to 2,000 parts of DDT per million; grebes and other diving birds died from eating the fish. The New York health department reports high concentrations of DDT in trout in the state's central and northern lakes. "What is happening in Lake Michigan is an indication of what to expect elsewhere," admits John Gottschalk, director of the bureau of sport fisheries and wildlife. "There will be a day, and it may not be until the year 2000, when we are the coho salmon."

Pesticide poisoning has become a new issue in the four-year California grape pickers strike. Face swollen and complaining of dizziness and shortness of breath, a woman told the general counsel of the United Farm Workers, Jerome Cohen, that she had been drenched by wind-blown pesticides while working in a field. Other pickers have reported becoming sick after exposure to parathion and DDT. Cohen asked the Kern County agricultural commissioner for permission to see permits for pesticide spraying, which are required by California law. But before he could look at the records, three spraying companies obtained a court order prohibiting scrutiny of the papers.

Sweden's Response. The Farm Workers may have lost one round in the case, but the hearings gave them ammunition for a larger suit to ban the use of DDT in California. The most damning charge came from Dr. Irma West of the state department of public health. She testified that in 1965, one California farm worker died of pesticide poisoning, and between 200 and 300 had been nonfatally poisoned. In addition, some 1,000 workers had experienced "dermatitis, chemical burns of the skin and eyes, and other miscellaneous conditions resulting from contact with pesticides."

The controversy could hardly have been predicted in 1939, when Swiss Chemist Paul Müller developed DDT or later, in 1948, when he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Sweden. Recently, Sweden became the first nation in the world to ban use of the chemical.

THE OCEANS

Red Herring

In 40 years of fishing the Atlantic off Cape May, N.J., Frank Cassidy never had a bad cod season—until last winter. Known around the Cape as the Iron Man, Cassidy blames the Russian fishing fleet massed off the mid-Atlantic states for his poor catch. The Russians are fishing for herring, not cod. "But they don't throw anything back," he says. "I've never seen anything like it. It's like the Spanish Armada."

To Cassidy and thousands of other American commercial fishermen, the

foreign fishing fleets offshore challenge both pride and purse. The strangers are ever more intensively exploiting both coasts of the U.S., and men like Cassidy are finding it increasingly difficult to live up to the coveted title of "high hooker." The Russians have about 160 vessels along the East Coast alone, and they are not the only uninvited guests. Twenty-five Polish vessels trawl off the East Coast; some 125 Japanese boats operate off Alaska. One result is that since 1954 the U.S. has dropped from second place as a world fish producer (after Japan), to fifth.

The foreign presence results partly from differing national needs. The U.S. does not share most other nations' hunger for fish as a source of protein. Hence the American fishing industry has not kept pace with some of its competitors in either technology or orga-

DAVID A. WHITING



RUSSIAN FISHING VESSELS OFF NORTH CAROLINA

Nothing like it since the Spanish Armada.

nization. And what American captains tend to regard as poaching is usually done within the law.* The U.S. Bureau of Commercial Fisheries keeps a sharp eye out for irregularities. Last week an American investigating team boarded a Soviet ship for an inspection and found everything in order.

Mother Glory. The semipermanent Russian flotilla is nothing if not well-organized. The largest Russian "mother" vessels measure half again as long as a football field and constitute floating factories in which the daily hauls of up to 20 trawlers are processed, frozen and stored. They also supply and refuel the smaller vessels and can haul them out of the water for repairs. *Black Sea*

* While the U.S. claims a territorial limit of three miles offshore—a definition set in 1793 as the range of a cannonball fired from land—Congress adopted legislation in 1966 prohibiting foreign vessels from fishing within twelve miles of the U.S. coast. The foreign boats generally stay beyond the farther limit.

Glory even has medical and dental facilities for trawler crewmen, as well as movies and ball games on deck.

TIME Correspondent David Whiting, who chartered a boat to follow the fleet, reported that there are other forms of recreation on board. Noticing one attractive girl dressed in a black leather outfit, Whiting asked her if there were wives along. "Some," she replied, "are just girl friends." Russian crewmen greeted Whiting with smiles, waves and lots of picture taking. When their officers were not looking, they were happy to exchange their pungent Russian cigarettes for American filters. Mostly, the Russians gave the thumbs-up sign and observed that the fishing was good.

Soviet Capitalists. Part of these foreign catches finds its way back to the U.S., which imports three-quarters of the fish products it consumes. For a va-

riety of reasons, including lower labor costs, government subsidies and sophisticated equipment, a few foreign producers can cruise close to U.S. shores, process their catch, and sell it on the American market—all for less than the same cycle costs a local fisherman.

That could prove increasingly disastrous for some U.S. areas where fishing is a major industry. In the New England fishing states, the total share of the catch that went to local fishermen dropped from 93% to 35% in the last recorded five-year period. Much of the reversal was due to those well-equipped, hungry Soviet fishermen, who in 1964-65 virtually depleted the Georges Bank area of haddock in just one expedition. In their own backyard, the Russians have seriously reduced the sturgeon population of the Caspian Sea, doubling export caviar prices over the past 13 years. Clearly, they are the most determined capitalist exploiters of the sea.

THE WORLD

VISIT FROM AN ARAB KING

WHAT the Israelis took by force of arms in the Six-Day War, the Arabs have been trying to recover by force of diplomacy ever since. For 22 months, Arab foreign policy has been aimed at getting the Israelis out of the occupied territories before their presence is ratified by time and their own efforts to fortify and settle some of the area. The talks on the Middle East that started three weeks ago between the U.S., Russia, Britain and France have given the Arabs hope that the Big Four may

any sign of yielding by either side in the Middle East has been hard to come by. But Israel, though it will study the plan at a weekend Cabinet meeting, promptly dismissed the six points as nothing more than a "vague smoke screen," a propaganda maneuver designed to lend an air of reasonableness to the Arabs' position. Other points in the plan stipulated that Israel must return all territory, including the Arab sector of Jerusalem, conquered in the 1967 war. This Israel is not prepared to do

up about the King's financial dealings and his personal life. True or not, most Jordanians believe them. Undetermined by such rumors and his inability to recover the lost lands or cope with Israeli reprisals, Hussein's support among the once fanatically loyal Bedouin tribesmen is diminishing. Many idealistic junior army officers have turned away, and he is having a hard time getting men to serve in his Cabinet. Candidates want either more power than the King is willing to yield them or a share of the reported spoils.

Freedom of Action. Buoyed by war outlays and by the spending of 20,000 fedayeen in the country and 17,000 Iraqi, 7,000 Saudi and 5,000 Syrian troops now stationed there, Jordan's economy is actually in better shape than before the war. Jordan's dollar reserves are a healthy \$300 million. But tourist receipts are down to a third of pre-1967 figures, and agricultural production has dropped with the loss of the West Bank. Israeli analysts sum up Jordan's economy as "financially good, but stagnant in terms of development."

Much more serious is the problem of the fedayeen. As Hussein's popularity slips, that of the commandos rises, presenting the King with a tough choice. If he decides to throw in his lot with the commandos, he risks severe retaliation from Israel, and a fourth round of war becomes a distinct possibility. On the other hand, any attempt on his part to crush the fedayeen would almost certainly result in his overthrow. Commando Chief Yasser Arafat has pledged privately not to move against Hussein—but only so long as the fedayeen continue to have freedom of action within Jordan.

That freedom can have dangerous consequences for Jordan. Within 40 minutes last week, the fedayeen poured 16 Czech-made rockets into Israel's Gulf of Aqaba port of Elath, injuring ten persons, damaging a hospital, homes and cars. At dawn, Israeli jets bombed the nearby Jordanian port of Aqaba, reportedly killing eight civilians and wounding nine others. For years, Israel and Jordan had observed an unwritten truce in the Aqaba-Elath area, largely because both ports are so conspicuously vulnerable to retaliation. With a few rockets, the fedayeen severely bent that agreement. Further attacks on Elath would almost certainly provoke full-scale Israeli retaliation on Aqaba, Jordan's only access to the sea.

Pressure on the Four. The fedayeen attack on Elath had several objectives. Not the least of the targets was Hussein himself; it was a demonstration to him and the rest of the Arab world that the fedayeen can call their shots



HUSSEIN INSPECTS GUARD OF HONOR WITH NIXON AT WHITE HOUSE
Applly cast as the spokesman for settlement.

achieve what they have not brought about themselves: an Israeli withdrawal. Last week Jordan's King Hussein came to the U.S. to further that cause, in both public speeches and private talks with President Richard Nixon and Secretary of State William Rogers.

Vague Smoke Screen. He brought one new concession to the Israelis—at least one that has never before been offered quite so explicitly by an Arab leader. In a talk to Washington's National Press Club, Hussein promised Israel guarantees of free passage through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea's Gulf of Aqaba as part of a six-point Arab plan for settlement. Since only Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser could deliver on that particular promise, Hussein was clearly speaking for Egypt as well as Jordan. Nasser and Hussein had, in fact, jointly prepared the statement.

The U.S. welcomed the offer, since

without a genuine settlement negotiated directly with the Arabs. "If the Jordanians have a constructive plan," said Director-General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs Gideon Rafael, "let them bring it to the table." The Israelis believe that any recommendations by the Big Four are likely to demand more from them than from the Arabs, and thus they have opposed the talks, which continued last week in New York.

Hussein is aptly cast as the Arab spokesman to the West. By being forced to yield Arab Jerusalem and the West Bank, his nation lost proportionately more than other Arab nations in the war; accordingly, he stands to gain more by a settlement. He also needs that settlement most. The popularity he enjoyed two years ago is ebbing to such a degree that he reportedly has threatened abdication. In recent months, a host of unsavory rumors have sprung

whenever they please. The upsurge of violence was undoubtedly aimed for effect on the Big Four as well. The combination of the Hussein-Nasser six-point plan for peace could not help increasing pressure on the Big Four to seek an easing of Israeli demands.

In his talks with Nixon and Rogers, Hussein learned that Nixon shares his concern that the danger of a new outbreak of fighting is near—although lower-level State Department officials see it differently. Nixon and Rogers told Hussein that the U.S. firmly supports the withdrawal of Israeli troops from occupied territories, but that it will not become involved in drawing boundary lines on maps. Those matters, the Administration believes, must be negotiated by the Arabs and the Israelis, either directly or under the auspices of the United Nations.

Hussein in turn told Nixon that unless a settlement can be quickly achieved, his regime will be in real danger of losing whatever remains of its control over the fedayeen within its boundaries. Nixon responded by pointing out his belief that the complexities of the issues are so great that a rapid settlement seems unlikely. Despite his urgent requests for more military aid, Hussein won no new promises of major arms assistance. That is not likely to improve the King's already shaky hold on the affections of his army and his subjects.

FRANCE

Once More, the Ultimatum

Here I am, solemnly proposing a reform to our country. If then, out of recklessness, the French people opposed it, what kind of man would I be if without delay I did not draw the consequences of such a deep fissure?

Four times since he came to power in 1958, Charles de Gaulle has faced Frenchmen with the threat to step down unless his proposals received their endorsement. Each time the French have submitted to his will. Yet his statement on French television last week that he was turning the April 27 referendum into a vote of confidence caught most French citizens by surprise. For one thing, the issues hardly seemed important enough for De Gaulle to stake his career on them. For another, interest in the referendum has been so slight that the outcome is by no means certain. A poll taken a few days before his speech indicated that 52% of the electorate planned either not to cast ballots at all or were undecided how they would vote. Of the remaining 48%, the sampling was almost evenly divided between *oui* and *non*.

Three Issues. It is little wonder that most Frenchmen are unenthusiastic about the referendum. The text itself, which runs for 14 turgid pages, is enough to drive most voters away. Furthermore,



DE GAULLE ON TELEVISION
Opportunity for a knock.

the referendum demands a single answer on three totally different issues. One of them is De Gaulle's plan to decentralize French bureaucracy by taking much administrative power away from officials in Paris and giving it to the provinces. In pursuit of this goal, De Gaulle wants to consolidate France's 95 departments into 21 "economic regions" that will have their own legislatures.

The second point concerns the French Senate, whose members have often been De Gaulle's most persistent opponents. If the general has his way, the Senate would be troublesome no more; he would strip the French upper house of its already limited legislative and investigative functions and turn it into a consultative council that would have no power at all. Finally, De Gaulle wants to change the order of succession so that the president of the Senate no longer would become interim head of state in the event of the death or disability of the elected President. That function would go to the Premier, a change that would give De Gaulle more say in picking the next resident of the Elysée Palace.

Alternates Choice. If the French voters actually want to get rid of *le grand Charles*, they now have the perfect opportunity. Former Premier Georges Pompidou has announced that he would be a willing replacement if De Gaulle quit—and in last year's May-June crisis of rioting and strikes, Pompidou provided Frenchmen with an impressive demonstration under fire that he can do the job. There are indeed some indications that the French are tiring of De Gaulle. In the eleventh year of his Fifth Republic, a new slogan is being scrawled on walls and sidewalks in Paris: "*Dix ans, ça suffit!*"—"Ten years, that's enough." There are widespread worries about France's weak economic position and the continued threat of the devaluation of the franc. Still, on evidence of the past record, it would be unwise to bet against Charles de Gaulle until the last *non* has been counted.

"Time Is Running Out"

While in Washington last week, Jordan's King Hussein talked with TIME Correspondent Leo Janos. The major topics discussed and the King's comments:

► On his meeting with Nixon:

"President Nixon appears to be determined to exert more pressure on the Israelis than was perhaps true of previous administrations. He wants peace in the Middle East that is just for all sides, and you cannot get it if you blindly support one nation over the others."

► On the prospects for peace:

"Time is running out because frustrations are building, and so are dangerous incidents in the area. I believe we have our last chance now to realize a settlement. But we cannot dally. Perhaps we still have a few months or a bit more time than that—but not much more before it will be almost impossible to solve things peacefully."

► On direct negotiations with Israel:

"I continue to be opposed to direct talks with the Israelis. I am indeed familiar with their argument that the only way to achieve peace is to sit down with the Arabs at the conference table. But what is there to talk about? If they refuse to ac-

cept the conditions contained in the November 22nd [U.N.] resolution, what can be the basis of direct negotiations? No, I am afraid the Israelis are more interested in holding on to their occupied territories than they are in finding a solution. The Israeli demand for face-to-face talks seems to me to be a flimsy excuse not to confront the real opportunity for a solution."

► On the Arab commandos:

"It is true that the fedayeen have said they will not accept the November 22nd resolution as a settlement. But I believe the overwhelming majority of my people will accept this resolution. In fact, the overwhelming majority in all Arab countries will accept it. The commandos exist because there is injustice to the Arab people. Eliminate the injustice and you will eliminate the need for the commandos."

► On the Big Four meetings:

"The Big Four are making good progress. I do not believe they will be deadlocked. I welcome their help and concern in the effort to achieve a just settlement. The major powers have every right to be concerned about the Middle East, since they stand in danger of being drawn into its conflicts."

NATO ENTERS THE THIRD DECADE

THE scene evoked a poignant sense of history. One by one, to the ruffles and flourishes of the blue-uniformed Army Band, the foreign ministers of 14 Western nations entered the flag-bedecked Departmental Auditorium on Washington's Constitution Avenue, a few blocks from the White House. Their predecessors had assembled in the same hall in 1949 to sign the epochal pact that created the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Though the foreign ministers were gathered to celebrate NATO's 20th anniversary, they used the occasion to discuss how the 15-member alliance* should react to changing technological and political realities, especially to overtures from the East bloc for improved relations. In an address to the delegates, President Nixon came as close as anyone could to summing up NATO's attitude toward its Communist opponents. "All of us are ready as conditions change," said the President, "to turn that fist [of self-defense] into the hand of friendship." But, warned the President, "it is not enough to talk of relaxing tension unless we keep in mind that 20 years of tension were not caused by superficial misunderstandings."

It was not so long ago that there was much talk about converting NATO from its original military purposes into

an instrument of diplomacy and cultural exchange to further *détente* in Europe. The change of roles reflected almost unanimous conviction in Western Europe that the threat of a Soviet attack had diminished to the point of non-existence. In the long run, NATO's final mission remains one of negotiation and settlement. But in the wake of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the plans for demilitarizing NATO have been temporarily shelved. Reflecting the concerns of their countries, the European ministers felt that NATO must retain its defensive role while gradually taking a diplomatic initiative.

The Soviets tried their best to persuade the NATO ministers that the military function of the alliance was already obsolete. On the eve of the Washington meeting, the Soviets offered to dissolve the Warsaw Pact in return for the disbandment of NATO, on which they heap all the blame for starting and prolonging the cold war. Last month's Warsaw Pact meeting in Budapest renewed the call for a conference of all European countries to settle the problems left over from World War II.

As the two-day Washington meeting opened, Italy's Pietro Nenni argued that NATO should take the Communists at their word and agree, at least in principle, to the European conference. Similarly, West Germany's Willy Brandt, whose *Ostpolitik* has placed a high priority on seeking an East-West settlement, felt that NATO should be willing to dare a little for the sake of *détente*.

But French Foreign Minister Michel Debré, whose President set off the great wave of bridge building to the East two years ago, urged extreme caution. Debré warned that if the European peace conference failed to make any progress, it would be a greater setback to the hope for better relations than if no conference took place. (As a sign that Charles de Gaulle is himself no longer so convinced of the Soviet Union's peaceful intentions, Debré, in an earlier speech to the National Press Club, reaffirmed France's political commitment to the Atlantic Alliance—though the French still refuse to take part in NATO's military activities.)

Canadian Withdrawal. Debré's warning about a possible backlash was buttressed by the U.K.'s Michael Stewart and U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers, who emphasized the improbability that one great conference could bring an end to the divisions that have rent Europe for more than 25 years. The final communiqué reflected a cautious line: the NATO foreign ministers resolved "to explore with the Soviet Union and the other countries of Eastern Europe which concrete issues best lend themselves to fruitful negotiation and an early resolution." The foreign ministers also ordered the North Atlantic Council, the alliance's highest

executive body, to prepare an agenda of items that might profitably be discussed with East bloc countries.

At the same time, the foreign ministers pledged that each NATO country would keep its alliance partners fully briefed on whatever negotiations it undertook with Warsaw Pact members. In addition, the NATO ministers stressed their "continuing determination" to maintain substantial "North American and European conventional forces" in Europe. The words were a rebuke to Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who a week earlier had announced his intention of withdrawing Canadian forces from NATO assignments in Western Europe.

Overly Dependent. In his speech, Nixon called the alliance "one of the great successes of the postwar world." And indeed it is. Communist takeovers in Eastern Europe, capped by the 1948 coup in Czechoslovakia, prompted the creation of NATO. Behind its shield Western Europe gained a sense of security while rebuilding its economic strength. The alliance provided the frame within which West Germany was able to rearm and assume a large part of the responsibility for Western European defense without unduly frightening its Western European neighbors. NATO also helped keep peace between two members, Greece and Turkey, whose ancient enmity threatened twice—in 1964 and 1967—to flare into open fighting over Cyprus. Perhaps NATO's most critical test came in 1961, when its united stand helped face down former Premier Khrushchev over his threat to make a separate peace with East German Boss

* The 15: Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, Greece, Iceland, Italy, Luxembourg, The Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Turkey, the United Kingdom, the U.S. and West Germany.



TRUMAN ADDRESSING NATO FOUNDERS (1949)
Ready to turn the clenched fist...



NIXON AT 20TH ANNIVERSARY
... into the hand of friendship.

Martini men,
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Made over here

White Satin, the gin the British first made in 1770, is now made here. In an imported British still. So you can get an imported British taste without paying import duties. By Jove, be smart. Wrap your next martini in White Satin.

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When Mercedes-Benz retired from competition in 1955 on the heels of two World Championships, American auto makers were growing more active in racing.

The results are ironic. Many U.S. cars now sport the trappings of racers—the stripes, the contours, the names—but little of the basic engineering. And today's Mercedes-Benz cars, though classically simple on the outside, are endowed with the hearts of champions.

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Background: 300SL "Gull Wing." Foreground: new 280SL, its descendant.

For a free, 2' x 3' wall poster of this photograph in full color, visit your nearest Mercedes-Benz showroom.

Walter Ulbricht and turn Russian responsibility for Berlin over to the East Germans.

NATO's unhappiest hour was in 1966, when Charles de Gaulle summarily withdrew his country from military participation in the alliance and evicted NATO from installations in France, including military headquarters at Rocquencourt and Fontainebleau. To a degree, De Gaulle's decision was perhaps an unavoidable product of his own intense nationalistic pride. But his action also reflected the larger problem that NATO has historically been overly dependent upon the U.S.

The relationship came about naturally enough, since the U.S., with its virtual nuclear monopoly, was the military mainstay of NATO in the early years. But the military situation has changed, and the Europeans have failed to assume the proper share of their own defense. Most of NATO's European partners spend less than 6% of their gross national products on defense, v. the U.S.'s 10%. One consequence is that NATO has never met its defense goals. At present, NATO combat-ready troops, whose divisions are below full strength, are outmanned by Warsaw Pact forces along the Central European front, 585,000 to 355,000.

What-ifs. NATO planners fear such a troop shortage means that the alliance could not contain a Soviet thrust by conventional means and would thus have to resort almost at once to nuclear weapons. Though the possibility of direct Soviet aggression remains highly unlikely, NATO commanders nevertheless worry about "what-if" situations that could spill over into Western European soil. What if, for example, a revolt by the Czechoslovak army led to fighting that saw Soviet troops pursuing the Czechoslovaks into West Germany? Similarly, a Soviet move into the so-called gray areas of Yugoslavia or Austria would pose a threat to NATO. A strong conventional force would be able to turn back Soviet intrusions, but a weak NATO nonnuclear army might lead to a precipitous lunge for the atomic trigger that could send thousands of NATO nuclear warheads raining down on Eastern Europe and start World War III.

There is some evidence that even if the Europeans do not supply more troops, they will at least assume a larger share of NATO's defense burdens and a more important role in NATO policymaking. In the wake of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, several European members shored up their defense budgets. Britain's withdrawal from east of Suez may also benefit NATO by bringing home forces that can be put at NATO's disposal. That, in turn, may move Britain into a position to supply the supreme commander for NATO, a post that until now has always been filled by Americans—from Dwight D. Eisenhower to the newly appointed commander of the allied forces, General Andrew J. Goodpastor.



PAPADOPOULOS & WIFE



PATTAKOS OGGLING MINISKIRT

WHY GREECE'S COLONELS ARE THAT WAY

RATHER like a stern father rewarding good behavior, Premier George Papadopoulos last week returned several previous liberties to the Greek people. He was observing both the Easter season and the second anniversary of the coup that ousted the previous government and brought Papadopoulos and his fellow army colonels to power. He was also trying to head off criticism of the Greek regime from the NATO ministers' meeting in Washington. Announced the Prime Minister: 1) freedom of assembly and association will be restored; 2) homes will be off limits to policemen without warrants; 3) press censorship will be reviewed; 4) some of the nearly 2,000 political exiles who have been held on Aegean islands may be brought home, and some government employees ousted by the regime will get their jobs back. Papadopoulos seemed not to notice one irony: the press conference revealing all these freedoms was held in the now vacant Senate chamber of the Parliament building in Athens. One freedom that the birthplace of democracy has not recovered is a democratic assembly.

Such subtleties apparently do not trouble Papadopoulos and his colonels because they are elementary men. Or so it seems, for in a complex world they are trying to forge an anachronistically simplistic nation. Long hair is now immoral for schoolboys; the government has ordered haircuts, and in some cases police wielded the shears themselves. *Bouzouki* tavernas, where high-spirited Greeks loved to smash crockery in time with the frenzied music, have been tamed: guests are no longer allowed to break even a single

sauce. Miniskirts are forbidden for young girls, and bar girls are being discouraged. Government officials must attend church—other Greeks are urged to do so to build a nation of "Christian Greeks"—while anyone who publicly doubts God or the army may be held guilty of blasphemy. These spiritual upliftings are hastened, opponents of the military government say, by torture as well as exile. "Christians behave themselves because they are afraid of going to hell," explains Deputy Prime Minister Stylianos Pattakos. "Likewise, under our regime, Greeks behave because they are afraid. Only the bad people are going to be punished."

Small-Town Morality. In sophisticated Athens, such sermonizing is glumly greeted. Few politicians from other parties have joined the colonels since their coup. Most refer to them as *stenokephulos*, or narrow heads. Athens wit-in-sist that Nikolaos Makarezos was selected to oversee the economy as Minister of Coordination because he was the colonel who knew how to add and subtract. Retired diplomat and Nobel laureate Georges S. Seferiades laments the "state of enforced torpor." But out in the stony, sun-washed countryside beyond Athens, the colonels' austerities are better received.

Greece is a nation of small towns, most of them mountain-isolated, fiercely independent, suspicious and resentful. Almost half the 11,516 settlements in the country are hamlets of fewer than 200 people. From such towns and their debilitating poverty came Papadopoulos, Pattakos, Makarezos and the remainder of the nearly 300 non-Establishment army officers who made the revolution.

"We were all so poor," says Secretary-General of Interior Ioannis Ladas, one of the participants in the coup, "that we called Papadopoulos 'the rich man' because his father was a schoolteacher." The colonels understand the towns and despise the glib and loose culture of cities. They intend to save Greece with old-fashioned country morality.

Faith and Family Honor. To understand both men and towns a little better, TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn toured the home villages of the four top colonels. On Crete, he visited Aghia Paraskevi (pop. 154), where Pattakos was born. He stopped at Dirahion (pop. 613) in the Peloponnese, where Ioannis Ladas grew up, and Gravia (pop. 690), home of Nikolaos Makarezos. He stopped at Elaiohorion (pop. 280), a village surrounded by low hills, wheatfields, vineyards and olive groves, where Papadopoulos' father was schoolmaster. In each town the foundations were the same: the church, the café, and a code of ethics grounded in faith and family honor.

Since the days of Ottoman occupation, village churches have been more than houses of worship. They also developed into centers of Greek patriotism and serve as town halls where local problems can be threshed out and the people protected from the world below before they reach the haven of heaven above. The Premier has already remembered his church at Elaiohorion by giving it new pews and a lectern, an icon stand and a bishop's chair. Pattakos' sister Irene, who still lives in Aghia Paraskevi, recalls their religious upbringing. "Mother taught us to make the sign of the cross before sleeping. My brother not only made the sign before his face but also on his pillow. I used to tease him by pretending to erase the cross

from his pillow with my hand. He would make one sign after another, until I gave up."

What of the Women? There are no bar girls to be found in any of the villages. The men, after a day's farming in the stony fields, or, at Gravia, in the bauxite mines, stroll to the café, lay down their crooked walking sticks and sip *ouzo* or Cretan *tsikoudhia* while they play cards and talk. The women, too, work the fields, and for diversion "they have their Sunday evening walk," says a village elder in Aghia Paraskevi. "On Sunday evening, everybody gets into the streets and walks up and down until they get tired." A young Gravian in shabby black suit and cap explains: "You must remember that this is a mountain village. We still expect our women to behave. No decent woman would be seen smoking, going to the café or riding a bicycle. If a girl goes out alone with a boy, it is as if they had gone to bed together. If they see each other during the big Sunday evening promenades and want to get married, they have to ask their parents to arrange it."

Poverty pervaded all the towns in the colonels' youth. Each of the leaders needed family sacrifices to get him into high school, cadet school and finally the comfortable middle-class security of an army commission. "Our breaths stank from hunger," Ladas remembers bitterly, adding that the first meal that ever made him feel stuffed was served at cadet school. A friend recalled last week that Makarezos as a boy "used to hang around when they dug potatoes. He would pick up the culls and take them home for his mother to cook." Poverty was complicated by what Greek peasants, with wonderful exactitude, refer to as "eaters"—the bureaucrats they

had to bribe, the merchants who bought their produce at unscrupulously low prices, the moneylenders who kept them in perpetual bondage. In one of his first acts as Premier, Papadopoulos forgave farmers' debts to the national bank of agriculture. "You are the clear heads and the soul of the nation," he told a delegation that came to thank him.

Later Hatred. In later years, the colonels and the country folk developed a special hatred—this one for the Communists, who provoked civil war. In Dirahion, a split-level village where a fast-running mountain stream divides the town, the wrinkled village clerk explains why. "It was in 1947, right there," he says pointing, "Ioannis Ladas' mother tried to run across the street, carrying a baby nephew in her arms. Guerrillas shot her down, killed them both. She was a good woman." In Elaiohorion, Mayor and Café Proprietor Nikos Papathanasou, a distant cousin of Papadopoulos, was tortured by Communists, and so were three other men. The village doctor was killed by guerrillas and has never been replaced. Greece's foreign relations are now shaped by such intimate memories and private hatreds.

The colonels are banking on ingrained village traditions to make them a success. "Our revolution succeeds or fails not in the cities but in the countryside," Pattakos says. "The air in the cities is never as fresh as that in the country." Nor perhaps is the love of freedom so violent. Last week in the central-Greece village of Megalo Kalivia, 40 peasants were hurt and two score more arrested in a pitchfork battle with police. The battle flared over a strip of ground that the peasants have always used for sheep grazing. Those new eaters in Athens want to erect a meat-packing plant there.



MEN OF ELAIOHORION AT EASE

The foundations are always the same—the church, the café, the code.



WOMEN OF AGHIA PARASKEVI AT PATTAKOS' HOUSE

ITALY

The Night the Communists Won

It is election night, and the old parties are awaiting the government's victory. In the composing room of the right-wing newspaper *Il Tempo*, a make-up man puts the banner line into the form: GOVERNMENT WINS WITH LARGE MAJORITY. A state television news director instructs his assistant: "Feed in the usual commentary—that one we used in 1969 will do fine." Forecasters have predicted a government victory, because again, as in previous elections, voters are unable to remember candidates' names. At Communist Party headquarters on Via delle Botteghe Oscure (Street of the Dark Shops), Party Boss Luigi Longo and his friends morosely pick at their pasta.

Then suddenly, "L.I.Y.," the American computer imported to speed the vote counting, begins to behave strangely. The Communist vote goes up while the government vote stands still. Everyone laughs and has another glass of champagne. But L.I.Y. keeps moving the Communists up. A commentator who sounds like H. V. Kaltenborn in 1948 says, "Wait until the vote from Calabria and Sicily starts coming in."

Startling News. But in the new Italian film *Colpo di Stato* (Coup d'Etat), the vote never comes in for the government. Playing to packed houses throughout the country, *Colpo di Stato* gives a fictional view of the Italian general election of 1972. When L.I.Y. brings the startling news that the Communists have won, no one is more astonished than the Communists themselves.

The U.S. ambassador, sitting in the place of honor at an Italian Cabinet meeting, hastily leaves to call the White

House. Television stations switch to a documentary on flowers. Rich people call friends in the government in various stages of hysteria. The Pope is awakened, hands atwilt.

The U.S. announces that it will protect Italy against the Communists. American missiles rise out of underground silos. Young Communists race through the streets crying "Now we begin the blood bath!" On television an unknown pop singer is belting out *Bandiera Rossa* (Red Flag). Calls pour in saying how great she is, and the program goes on all night.

OF Balance. The Communists, after telephoning Moscow, are invited to a Cabinet meeting. Says the Premier: "The people have spoken and democratically elected your party . . ." He prepares to hand over power when Luigi Longo suddenly shouts: "Don't try to make fun of us! We know quite well this is all a dirty capitalistic trick. That computer of yours is the trick. You rigged the wiring."

In the cold dawn, it all becomes clear. The Communists have refused to allow themselves to be duped into governing, knowing full well, as do all Italians, that Italy is essentially ungovernable. Longo and his friends leave the Premier's office. The Communist leader is saying wistfully to his deputy: "It would have been nice, though, and you could have been Prime Minister. Too bad. Moscow said the balance of power in Europe should not be destroyed."

It was reminiscent of William F. Buckley Jr., the elegantly acerbic editor of *National Review*, who campaigned four years ago as a Conservative candidate for mayor of New York. Asked what he would do if elected, Buckley replied, "Demand a recount."

CHANG KAI-SHEK



CHIANG AT PARTY CONGRESS
Self-improvement once more.

TAIWAN

Seeking a New Image

Through all the postwar upheavals and changes in Asia, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has endured. Now 81 years old, and an exile for the past 20 years on the island of Taiwan, he is a living anachronism. Chiang is still widely recognized—at least in formal diplomatic terms—as the representative of all China. Yet even that is beginning to change, as some Western nations stir toward explicit acknowledgment of Mao Tse-tung's rule of the mainland. Italy put out feelers toward possible Peking diplomatic ties earlier this year. Canada announced last week that it planned to hold formal recognition talks with the Communists in Stockholm, starting next month.

In the face of these new challenges, Chiang Kai-shek needs a thriving, successful Taiwan. The Nationalists have achieved at least part of that by using thorough land reform and well-paced industrialization to shape some impressive social and economic growth. But the island's internal political evolution has not kept pace, and frequent promises of domestic reform have somehow never materialized. Last week the Kuomintang, Chiang's crusty 50-year-old ruling party, was talking self-improvement once more.

An August 75. Surrounded by 600-odd party leaders at the Kuomintang's Tenth National Congress, Chiang himself sounded the keynote for "overall reform." The President, although as lean and ascetic as ever, must by now know that his dream of a return to the mainland is a hopeless chimera. Indeed, for the past two years the Generalissimo has told his people that the struggle against Mao's regime must be political rather than military. In such a contest he obviously needs a revitalized, re-



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**...the men at Reynolds
gave them a complete
package—from roof
to wrap.**

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it any other
way.



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juvenated party, one that not only presents an attractive image abroad but that can also bridge the gap between the 2,000,000 mainlanders on the island and the 11 million native Taiwanese.

While the Kuomintang has been successful in recruiting many Taiwanese in recent years, its leadership remains almost exclusively in the hands of aging mainlanders. Despite good intentions, the party congress did not appreciably change that pattern. The newly elected central committee includes two-score fresh faces, but among its 150 full and alternate members, only 13 are Taiwanese. A new party advisory committee for the Gimo, who is also director-general of the Kuomintang, seats only one Taiwanese among its eleven members; the average age of that body is an August 75. The central committee list is headed by Defense Minister Chiang Ching-kuo, 59, the Gimo's oldest son and his probable successor.

Recognition Cycle. The congress could hardly have been held at a more critical time. Mao's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution appears to have drawn to a close, and it is possible that Peking may return to more flexible foreign policies that could undermine Taiwan's international position. Taipei realizes that Washington would like nothing better than a relaxation of tensions with Peking. Besides, a more rational Chinese Communist view of the world would persuade more nations not only to recognize Mao's regime but also to swell the annual vote in favor of Peking's admission to the U.N. The new cycle of Western approaches to Peking on recognition initiated by Italy and Canada underscores that possibility.

For the present, the Nationalists as well as the Communists reject what is known as the "two-China" solution, in which each of them is recognized for what it is: the ruler of Taiwan on the one hand, and of mainland China on the other. Each insists that the other must be regarded as fraudulent. Thus, Taiwan will undoubtedly break relations with Ottawa if the Canadians recognize Peking. To make certain that Taiwan's hard line is still clearly understood everywhere, the congress last week concluded with a warning that the Kuomintang and the Taiwan government "resolutely oppose any moves that lead to appeasing the Maoist regime."

PAKISTAN

Prophet of Violence

Wreathed by a wispy beard, his face reflects an almost otherworldly serenity. As he plays with his grandchildren in a tiny village 60 miles north of the East Pakistan capital of Dacca, Abdul Hamid Bhashani, 86, looks the part of a Moslem maulana or guru, and to millions of Bengali peasants, he is. But the kindly grandfather is also Pakistan's most outspoken advocate of violence.

As much as any one man, Bhashani inspired the riots that last month forced



BHASHANI WITH GRANDDAUGHTER
Revolution is religion.

President Ayub Khan to step down from the presidency. Now Bhashani is the most severe single threat to a fragile peace between the troubled and geographically divided land by the imposition of martial law. Under fear of harsh penalties, Pakistan's other politicians, including Bhashani's chief Bengali rival, moderate Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, have kept silent. Not Bhashani, who continues to receive newsmen and followers at his bamboo-walled hut. "What have I to fear?" he asked TIME Correspondent Dan Coggins, as he adjusted his soiled straw skull cap and straightened the green sweater that he wore inside out. "I would welcome being hanged for my people."

Secessionist Sentiments. Such potentially explosive expressions run exactly counter to the aims of General Yahya Khan, the army commander who has taken over as President. In his first press conference, Yahya last week declared that he gives top priority to keeping the peace. He also said that it would take some time before the country could be returned to constitutional rule. But Bhashani has served notice that he may start new trouble soon unless the President begins to confer with Pakistani politicians, including himself, about ways to settle the country's problems. Bhashani plays on the secessionist sentiments in East Pakistan. He rails against domination by the much better-off West and demands that the new government redress the old inequities—or else. Says he: "What the people did against Ayub, they can do against General Yahya. But this time, the demonstrations will be even deadlier."

Would the Pakistanis really revolt against the army? "Is it possible for the army to kill 125 million Pakistanis?" counters Bhashani angrily. "Have the

North Vietnamese quit fighting? We are Southeast Asians like them. When the flame of discontent is lit, the people will stop at nothing."

Living Saint. Bhashani's rhetoric, of course, outruns the facts. So far, Pakistanis have shown no desire to take on the troops, and Bhashani's own following is limited mainly to peasants in the East. But there are a formidable 30 million to 40 million country folk who revere him as a living saint. During the past 60 years, he has built up his following by siding with the impoverished peasants, first against the British raj and later against the rich absentee landlords. Living and dressing simply, he walks from village to village, dispensing a pastiche of religion and politics that he calls "Islamic socialism."

Other Moslem holymen contend that Islam and Bhashani's brand of socialism do not mix. His critics also charge that he is seizing on secessionist tendencies chiefly because an independent East Pakistan would be so weak that it would be susceptible to influence from China and the neighboring Indian state of West Bengal, which is now ruled by a Communist government. Bhashani, while not a Communist, is a radical leftist with close personal and political ties to Peking.

An eclectic theologian, Bhashani completely ignores the fatalistic aspect of Mohammedanism. "My religion is revolutionary, and I am a religious man," he argues. "Therefore, it is my religion to rise up against wrong." He scorns the established order that the Koran bids the faithful to support. In his view, the status quo must be completely upset so that the new order in which he believes may take root. Bhashani also makes no apology for his allegiance to China, heightened during his first visit to Peking in 1952. Says he: "I admire everything about China except its godlessness."

Chinese Protection. After Mohammed Ayub Khan took power ten years ago, Bhashani became the unofficial go-between who helped Ayub establish better relations with Peking. It was a role that shielded him from arrest while other Pakistani leaders were being packed off to Ayub's prisons for criticizing the army-backed regime.

When the big riots broke out last month, Ayub may have wished that he had jailed Bhashani anyway. Operating apparently on Chinese orders to start a Maoist revolt, Bhashani's well-trained party workers led some of the worst rampaging, in which hundreds of people, including a dozen minor officials, were murdered and many houses burned down. Bhashani shrugs off the violence as "male-ganimat," or retribution, which is condoned by the Koran.

MEXICO

No More Adobe

Dykes Askw Simmons, small-time Texas criminal and sometime crane operator, did not intend to stay long in Mexico when he drove there on a vacation in 1959. But after three young Mexicans were murdered by a lone man not far from where he crossed the border, his plans were abruptly changed. One of the victims did not die immediately, and she identified Simmons as her assailant. Though the dying girl had also identified a variety of other persons as the killer—including her doctor—Simmons was convicted and sentenced to death. He was the first American ever to be condemned in Mexico.

Soon Simmons became a two-way embarrassment. The U.S. State Depart-

ment, they claim, is a fabrication to cover for Simmons' brother Carroll, a fireman in Fort Worth. On the day of the escape, as often before, Carroll arrived in his car to visit. Because it was raining, he was allowed to park inside the prison. Screened from view, Dykes climbed into a secret compartment under the car's back seat and Carroll coolly drove out the gates.

Over the Border. Whichever version is true, Simmons was driven 100 miles to the Texas border, where no passports are required of Americans. He did not stay in Texas long, however, probably because he is technically wanted for escaping from a Wichita Falls mental hospital 10 years ago. Though the Mexican government says it is going to apply for his extradition, it has not yet done so.

In many ways, both the U.S. and Mexico are as happy as Simmons is, for they are rid of an embarrassment with no loss of face. But if Simmons "doesn't keep his mouth shut," warns a State Department official, "he could arouse the Mexicans' *machismo* and be extradited." Simmons does not seem concerned. "I'm not running anywhere," he boasts in his happy drawl. "After ten years, I've got hot showers, clean sheets, rugs on the floor—no more adobe. I'm free."

PERU

Postponed Problem

Peru's ruling junta defiantly observed a "Day of National Dignity" last week with, among other things, an issue of commemorative postal stamps. The stamps portrayed a worker stripped to the waist who proudly held aloft the Peruvian flag in one fist and clutched an oil derrick in the other. The design—and the holiday—had been purposely chosen for the date that the U.S. was scheduled to cut off assistance to Peru as punishment for expropriation of the U.S.-owned International Petroleum Co. Just two days before the deadline, President Nixon decided that an IPC appeal pending before Peru's Ministry of Energy and Mines represented "appropriate action" under terms of the Hickinlooper Amendment (TIME, April 11). The President therefore postponed application of the amendment's penalties, which would have meant a \$79 million annual loss to Peru in aid and preferential sugar purchases.

Unusual Hoorahs. Washington has been warning since the expropriation last October that unless Peru paid compensation, the U.S. Government had no recourse but to enforce the law. As a result some critics read last week's action as a retreat after fruitless bargaining on the issue and scoffed at the "Chickenlooper" amendment. "Maybe there was an element of brinkmanship in this whole situation, and if so, we blinked," said a U.S. official in a background observation that was later contradicted by the State Department. Generally, however, the U.S. received the kind of welcome hemispheric hoorah

that it seldom hears these days. Peru's President and junta head man, Juan Velasco Alvarado, greeted the news with a joyous statement: "Is this, or is this not, a benefit for the country?"

Overlooked in the cheering was the fact that Peru's problem has merely been postponed. The burden of action now rests with the junta. The U.S. does not refute Peru's right to expropriate. Indeed, this would be pointless, since the government's Empresa Petrolera Fiscal is operating IPC's Talara refinery with Mexican assistance, and is ripping down Esso gas-station signs in favor of its own brand name Petroperu. Nor does the Nixon Administration quibble with the reimbursement—at \$71 million—that Peru is willing to pay. But the U.S. firmly opposes the blue-sky figure of \$690 million that Velasco insists is owed Peru for 44 years of oil theft, and against which he is determined to apply whatever reimbursement IPC is finally allowed. Says Lawyer John N. Irwin, who has been representing the U.S. in negotiations on the



SIMMONS IN SAN ANTONIO

One way to avoid embarrassment.

ment did not like to appear unable to protect one of its citizens abroad. The Mexican government did not want to interfere with its courts lest it appear to be giving in to its powerful neighbor to the north. In an effort at compromise, Simmons was given to understand that he would "probably" be released if he petitioned for a commutation. Since that might have implied an admission of guilt, he refused. But he had nothing against trying to escape. In 1962, one attempt got him two bullets in the leg. Last week he finally made it.

Nun Story. Just how is a matter of dispute. In Los Angeles last week Simmons told his version of the story. First, he bought a key to his cell by bribing a guard. Next, an accomplice smuggled in a nun's habit, complete with rosary beads and pancake makeup to darken his light complexion. On Sunday he put on the disguise, stepped out of his cell and joined a crowd of women visitors leaving the prison.

Mexican authorities tell the tale quite



"DAY OF NATIONAL DIGNITY" STAMP

The big fellow blinked.

impassé: "The declaration of such debts after the expropriation of the properties in effect means that there will not be any effective payment in compensation for IPC."

Formidable Dollars. If there is not, by a deadline that is now set at Aug. 6 (at which time the Ministry of Energy and Mines must have acted on the IPC appeal), the U.S. may go ahead and invoke the amendment. At the present time, though, the *Yanqui* dollar has begun to look like a more formidable weapon. U.S. banks normally underpin Peruvian industry and trade with about \$150 million in loans; these funds have been reduced sharply since the expropriation arguments began. Another potential \$700 million in U.S. private investment in Peru, mostly in copper mining, is being held up until the issue is settled. Advisers have rightly warned Velasco that such losses are more detrimental to Peru's economy than the withdrawal of U.S. aid. However, as one puts it: "Getting Velasco interested in the economy is like getting a Buddhist monk interested in water-skiing." Conversations on the problem—Peru refuses to term them negotiations—resume shortly in Washington. Before long, the Administration firmly hopes, the monk will develop a yen to water-ski.

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on your cigarette,
you'd have
a better
cigarette.**



**But not as
good as a
Tareyton.**



PEOPLE

Though blind and deaf from the age of two, one of the late **Helen Keller's** favorite pastimes was writing and receiving letters, which she would "read" by having a companion either spell them manually into the palm of her hand or recite them aloud while Miss Keller touched her lips and throat and interpreted the vibrations. Recently it was announced that some 50,000 pieces of her correspondence have been bequeathed to the American Foundation for the Blind. "Are you really 70 years old?" she wrote to **Mark Twain** on his birthday in 1905. "Or is the report exaggerated like that of your death?" "You know, I think you and I will be better friends if we don't meet," **Will Rogers** once wrote to her. "They tell me you can feel one's face and tell how they look." Wrote Miss Keller to **Alexander Graham Bell** in 1900: "I was perfectly delighted to receive your letter in braille. It seemed almost as if you clasped my hand in yours and spoke to me in the old, dear way." And in 1922, after hearing her lecture, **Carl Sandburg** wrote of "the surprise to find you something of a dancer, shifting in easy postures like a good blooded race horse."

First he sailed 4,300 miles across the Pacific from Peru to French Polynesia aboard *Kon-Tiki*, a primitive raft made of balsa logs. Now Author-Explorer **Thor Heyerdahl**, 54, plans to navigate the At-

lantic in a 45-ft. by 15-ft. craft made of papyrus, to prove his theory that people from ancient Mediterranean civilizations could have made the journey. Heyerdahl and a crew of six will shove off from Safi, Morocco, next month, charting a course through the Canary Islands to Central America, where traces of what seems to be primitive Old World cultures have been found. Until now Heyerdahl kept very quiet about it. "Otherwise," he says, "I would have drowned in letters from adventurers wanting to join the crew."

On a rare trip from Hickory Hill, **Ethel Kennedy** flew to Nassau for a few days of sun. And since she was about to celebrate her 41st birthday, her sister-in-law, **Jackie Kennedy Onassis**, put her husband's yacht *Christina* at Ethel's disposal for a Bahamian cruise. Close Friends **Blanche** and **Jim Whitaker** signed on for the voyage too, and when Ethel arrived down south, a surprise present awaited her: a gold charm bracelet appropriately adorned with a jet plane, bus, typewriter, camera and microphone from the 50 newsmen who covered R.F.K.'s primary campaign.

A reporter had just asked Arkansas Governor **Winthrop Rockefeller** about a rumor that he would soon join arch-conservative Multimillionaire **H. L. Hunt** in a real estate venture. Aghast at the very idea, Rockefeller recalled an incident at the inauguration last January. As the Governor tells it, when he arrived at the box reserved for the Arkansas delegation, he discovered Hunt had appropriated one of the seats. "I told him I didn't appreciate his sitting there," said Rockefeller. When Hunt refused to move, Rockefeller grasped him by the arm and escorted him out of the box. Said Hunt: "I don't think Rockefeller likes me."

Another oil-slick hater has stepped into the ring with California's offshore-petroleum companies. Congressman **John Tunney**, 34, a California Democrat and the son of onetime World Heavyweight Champ **Gene Tunney**, donned scuba gear and took a dive in the Santa Barbara Channel to see for himself just how bad the oil leak really was. His face mask slipped off at 200 ft., but he surfaced with only a bloody nose to report that he had found more extensive damage than the oil companies have admitted. That kind of concerned derring-do scores heavily with California voters, and Democratic leaders are hinting that Tunney may square off this year with Republican **George Murphy** for Murphy's senatorial seat.

Marineland of the Pacific, south of Los Angeles, was awash with seals, porpoises, whales—and tired mothers lugging tired babies in their arms. There was one notable exception: a leggy



FONDA & VANESSA
Tote for the tot.


blonde toting her six-month-old daughter around, papoose-style, on her back. "It's nothing really new," said Actress **Jane Fonda**, as Daughter **Vanessa** peered out of her snappy canvas carrier. "The Indians were toting their babies this way ages ago." Jane figures it's pretty good for baby too. "She can look people right in the eye, instead of in the ankle or the knee"—which is the view most babies get.

Midst laurels stood: **Robert Finch**, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, winner of the University of Southern California's **Asa V. Call** award, which goes to the alumnus "who, by reason of individual accomplishment, reflects the greatest credit on the university"; Apollo 9 Astronauts **David Scott**, **James McDivitt** and **Russell Schweickart**, honored with the American Museum of Natural History's **Gold Medal Awards**, which New York Mayor or John V. Lindsay presented for their "leadership in the search for knowledge." The mayor's wife, **Mary Lindsay**, received the **Rita V. Tishman** award from the Anti-Defamation League for her work in "translating democratic ideals into a way of life for all Americans in our time."

Come 1972, racing fans may well see the most valuable thoroughbred of all time. **Johnny Nerud**, former trainer and co-owner of **Dr. Fager**, announced that the 1968 Horse of the Year will mate with **Dark Mirage**, the feisty little filly who dashed off with distaff racing honors last year, placed second only for her new partner in the Horse-of-the-Year derby. It is a marriage made in horse-breeders' heaven: the Doc's career earnings came to \$1,002,642; **Dark Mirage** won nine straight races and \$362,788 in 1968, making her the winningest filly in 23 years.



HEYERDAHL WITH PYPYRUS
Reeds for the raft.



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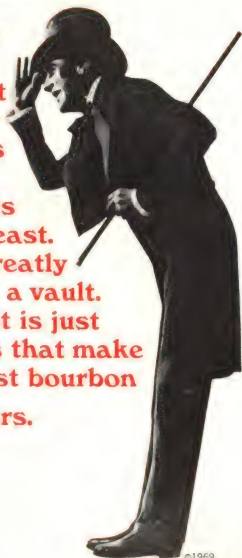
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Bourbon was born in the backwoods. And, like its background, it was honest but unmannered. How to polish off the rough edges was a challenge to I.W. Harper. One of his secrets was a special strain of yeast. Today, this yeast is so greatly prized that it is stored in a vault.



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pletely different kind of engine makes this StrongMower eager to start. There's a no-adjust fuel system in place of the old-style carburetor. No priming. Nothing to fiddle with or goof-up. And an automatic compression release makes starting up to 50% easier on your arm.

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Sears

EDUCATION

Harvard and Beyond: The University Under Siege

It finally happened to Harvard, too.

In a sequence of confrontations that has now become a deplorable custom on American campuses, a small band of student rebels seized an administration building to protest university policies and to deliberately provoke a crisis. Police were then summoned to oust the intruders; moderate students, angered at both the fact of the "bust" and what they felt was police brutality, were radicalized into organizing a strike. The three-day boycott of classes was the first in the modern history of a venerable institution that prides itself on its devotion to learning and the rational resolution of differences. It was a shock—to faculty, students and administration alike—that for a time the "Harvard way" had failed. No matter how soon the present crisis is resolved, the great temple of learning on the Charles will never be quite the same.

The conflict began at noon on Wednesday. About 250 students from Harvard and Radcliffe, most of them members of Students for a Democratic Society and the pro-Mao Progressive Labor Party, appeared outside University Hall, the three-story administration building at the center of Harvard Yard. They reiterated six "unnegotiable" demands made on the Harvard Corporation.* The issues: the abolition of ROTC and an end to what the radicals

consider Harvard's "expansionist" approach to its urban surroundings.

Chanting "Fight! Fight!", the students marched into the hall, which contains the offices of the Harvard deans, though not the university president's. When one of the five deans asked the students to leave, he was jeered and shouted down. The rebels then forcibly evicted the deans and their assistants. They locked themselves inside the building, securing the doors with red bicycle chains, and proceeded to hold meetings to discuss further strategy. "The Corporation," their proclamation grandly noted, "can issue a statement when it gives in."

Locking Up a Lock-In

Initially there was widespread disapproval of their tactics: seizing a building is simply not the Harvard way. Two students in the crowd outside University Hall even burned S.D.S. in effigy, and there were cheers when Franklin L. Ford, Harvard's ranking academic dean, announced through a bullhorn that the gates of Harvard Yard would be shut at 4:30 p.m., thus locking up the lock-in. Ford also warned the radicals to vacate the premises within 15 minutes or face charges of criminal trespass. The radicals sat tight.

The radicals were also unmoved by a scathing answer to their demands from President Nathan M. Pusey. They had charged that the university planned to tear down Negro slums in Roxbury to make room for the expanding Harvard Medical School, and that members of the Corporation had illegitimate vested

interests in preserving ROTC on campus:

"These businessmen want Harvard to continue producing officers for the Viet Nam war or for use against black rebellions at home for political reasons." Pusey flatly denied that the university planned to destroy the housing. He also noted that Harvard had recently taken account of student objections by stripping ROTC of course credit, but was prevented from abolishing it entirely by "contractual obligations" to the Government. He began his statement by challenging the rebels' sincerity: "Can anyone believe the Harvard S.D.S. demands are made seriously?" He ended it on the same note: "How can one respond to allegations which have no basis in fact?"

Within 30 minutes after the seizure, Pusey began a six-hour round of conferences with his deans, his administrative board and the masters of the nine Harvard houses at the presidential residence, 17 Quincy Street. "It was all very informal," said one participant in the talks. "Very simply, he sought advice, and we gave it."

Letters about the CIA

In essence, Pusey had three options before him. One was to send in the police; a second was to try to negotiate with the intruders in hopes that they would abandon the building; a third was to seek resolutions from the faculty condemning the occupation, thereby encouraging the student majority to coalesce and isolating the radicals. Against substantial opposition from his advisers,



TROOPER WRESTLING STUDENT FROM UNIVERSITY HALL



DEAN EPPS BEING EJECTED BY STUDENTS

Disruption beyond the perpetrators' fondest dreams.

Pusey eventually decided to use force. A major factor in his decision was the legitimate fear that the radicals might rifle the university's confidential files. Friday morning, in fact, the Boston underground newspaper *Old Mole* printed seven Harvard documents that had obviously been discovered by the invaders. (see box page 55).

Shortly before dawn on Thursday, 400 policemen entered the Yard. About half were state troopers; the rest were drawn from the constabularies of Cambridge, Boston and other parts of the metropolitan area. Facing them on the south steps of University Hall were about 120 students, with wet pieces of torn bed sheets ready to put across their faces in case tear gas was used. Dean Fred L. Glimp of Harvard Col-

deliberate attempts to disrupt the good order of the university; the tactics succeeded beyond the fondest dreams of their perpetrators. Even moderate students who agreed with Pusey about the demands of the radicals were shocked that he had called in the police at all. At midday Thursday, 1,500 students assembled in Memorial Church for a heated four-hour discussion. Calling for Pusey's resignation if he refused to accept their demands, the moderates passed a resolution that students, faculty and administrators besides the president be given voting seats on the Harvard Corporation and that all those arrested be granted amnesty by the administration and the courts. They backed up their demands by calling for a three-day strike. Class attendance next day was down 75%.



PUSEY EN ROUTE TO FACULTY MEETING
More guide than commander.

lege gave the radicals one last chance: "You have five minutes to vacate the building," he announced over the bullhorn, but his words were drowned out by students chanting in unison "Pusey must go; ROTC must go!"

The troopers charged. In less than a minute, the students were pushed and shoved, punched and clubbed, and driven from the steps. Then, after unleashing sledgehammers, chain cutters and a 4-ft.-long iron battering ram, the troopers forced their way into the building. Screams of anger and pain were heard inside. The troopers began removing the protesters, dragging some away by their long hair and butting others with billy clubs. By 5:30 a.m., a mere 25 minutes after they made the initial charge, the police had cleared the building. In all, 184 persons were arrested on charges of criminal trespass; 45 were injured seriously enough to be treated at hospitals. Four more were hospitalized: a Harvard student, a policeman and two women outsiders, one with a broken back and the other with a broken ankle.

The radicals' seizure of University Hall and their implacable demands were

Beards as at Berkeley

The largest and most important body of professors in the university—the Faculty of Arts and Sciences—preferred compromise. Dean Franklin Ford insisted to his scholars that there had been "no real alternative" to police action. "Some now insist that storm troopers entered University Hall," he said. "This is true, but they entered it at noon Wednesday, not dawn Thursday." In other words, he was saying, the storm troopers were the radical students, not the cops. Ford also emphasized that continued rifling of university files could have compromised virtually the entire faculty. Almost lightly, he noted that one of the stolen documents already published by *Old Mole* revealed a secret 1967 trip to North Viet Nam by Presidential Adviser Henry A. Kissinger, then a Harvard professor.

The academics also listened carefully to five students. Then the faculty resolved, 395 to 13, that all criminal charges against the Harvard intruders be dropped (the administration immediately agreed to do so) and that a committee be elected to study changes in the governing of the university. The resolution, reflecting faculty anger at not having been consulted on the police action, emphatically did not endorse President Pusey's decision, although it denounced the student seizure of University Hall. Under the circumstances, it was not only a sharp rebuke to Pusey, but it also opened up the whole question of who should rule the university. The answer implicit in the faculty resolution: the faculty.

Privately, a number of professors and administrators have worried for months about the possibility of "another Columbia." Like the troubled campus on Morningside Heights, Harvard, to many of its students, is a large impersonal school with a faceless administration and a brilliant faculty who are as much concerned with the demands of research as with the art of teaching. Despite its

The Men in the Middle

RUNNING a university today is so burdensome a task that many campus presidencies go unfilled for months. The excruciating problem is to maintain order and academic freedom while still heeding legitimate demands for reform. How to be tough without playing into the hands of would-be martyrs, how to loosen the university structure without relinquishing necessary authority—these are dilemmas that require uncommon gifts of diplomacy, imagination and luck. Four moderate campus heads have done uncommonly well:

ROGER W. HEYNS, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY. Heyns, 51, came to Berkeley from the University of Michigan, where he had been a highly esteemed vice president for academic affairs, soon after the Free Speech Movement tumult of 1964-65. Holder of a doctorate in psychology, he combined the lessons of that discipline with the tactics of a skilled administrator, stressed communication and anticipation in dealing with crises.

Although he is an unflappable, pipe-smoking type, Heyns has a steely determination to keep his campus functioning, first proved this to students when he called police to quell disorders over military recruiting on campus in 1966. Only because he had demonstrated his interest in reform, won the trust of the students and repeatedly emphasized his desire to discuss the issues was he able to use police without exacerbating the conflicts. The chancellor takes abundant time from his jammed schedule to see students. Heyns' willingness to listen has kept him well up on student thinking.

His major test this year came when minority students picketed and disrupted the campus to reinforce their demands for a black-studies program. Heyns won faculty approval for an ethnic-studies department but rejected the demand for student autonomy. "I tried," he says, "to maintain open communications with the regents and the faculty and the students, to maintain an open position, to avoid getting in an adversary relationship with one group or another." Heyns' hope now is that the high pitch of student activism will decline as students see that violent disruptions keep the university from doing the things that they want done. If this happens, he will turn to the reforms that really concern him, such as student participation in governance, improvement of teaching, and development of small colleges.

MARTIN MEYERSON, STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AT BUFFALO. Among the youngest of university presidents, Meyerson, 46, is a veteran of U.S. campus insurgency. As acting chancellor at Berkeley in the wake of the

continued page 50

Free Speech Movement of 1964, he picked up the smoldering pieces with uncommon skill, winning the admiration of faculty and students.

In three years at Buffalo, Meyerson has not only resisted political pressure from outside the university and forestalled disruptive efforts from within, but has also pushed ahead with major reforms. To relieve academic parochialism, Buffalo created seven faculties, each headed by a provost and incorporating related academic departments and professional schools. Nonacademic research has been shunted into separate research institutes, and Meyerson has called on all faculty members, including himself, to teach. So that students "may experience neighborhood within the metropolis that is the university," Meyerson (whose academic background is in urban affairs and environmental design) is establishing a series of small colleges.

When students presented nine demands for radical changes in university governance and policy last month, Meyerson responded by calling a convocation of students and faculty, reading a set of counterdemands. The result: a week-long campus-wide teach-in on university reform that has elicited 120 specific proposals from departments, *ad hoc* groups and individuals. When 175 radical-led students seized the university administration building recently, Meyerson sat and talked with the occupiers for two hours. Persuasion unavailing, he got a court order directing each student to show cause why he should occupy the administrative offices. The occupiers fled quietly out.

A complex, subtle intellectual, Meyerson is a passionate advocate of university "reformation." Says he: "The American university in the 20th century has adapted itself to change less than any institution in our society. It is true that the scale of universities has changed, but change of scale without change of style may be suicidal."

EDWARD H. LEVI, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO. Levi, 57, met his first challenge from dissident students just two months after he became president. In January, radical students occupied the university's administration building to protest a decision not to rehire an assistant professor of sociology. They also demanded an equal voice in faculty hiring and firing. Levi, who had been law dean and provost at Chicago, was concerned above all with preserving the institution that he loves and whose reason for being, he says, is simply "to be one of the great universities."

The new president coolly weighed the alternatives: seize the building and risk destroying the university, or let the students keep it and wear them down. He took the gentle course, conducted business from his house while the university continued to function almost normally. He refused, however, to negotiate "with a gun at his head," as one fac-

ulty member put it. After 16 days, the occupiers, denied broad support because there had been no violence to galvanize apathetic students, gave up. Not one of their "non-negotiable" demands was granted.

Perhaps Chicago's example cannot be applied universally. The school has a long tradition of intellectual discussion that made the vast majority of students unwilling to join the sit-in. Most of its students are in graduate and professional courses, are less subject to undergraduate enthusiasms. Levi has relegated increasing responsibility for the university's conduct to the faculty, by so doing has engaged the support of most professors. And Levi has earned ample respect by years of brilliant scholarship, educational reform and urban involvement. But his example could well be studied by other college administrators. In one demonstration after another across the country, it has been the sudden application of brutal force that changed a mere protest into a bloody battle.

THE REV. THEODORE M. HESBURGH, UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME. Father Hesburgh brought a new approach to campus violence in February when he issued a carefully thought-out set of rules for handling demonstrators. His eight-page letter put students on notice that persons disrupting the campus would be warned, "given 15 minutes of meditation," then suspended if they did not desist. Hesburgh's initiative, which he took only after sounding out faculty, alumni and student groups, brought him quantities of favorable mail, including a letter from President Nixon that warmly endorsed his "forthright stand."

Notre Dame, whose comparatively docile students bear little resemblance to the activists at Berkeley or Columbia, has suffered only modest demonstrations. The one that aroused Father Hesburgh occurred last November, when students held a lie-in in front of the administration building to prevent students from attending interviews with a CIA recruiter. Hesburgh denounced the lie-in as "clearly tyranny," said in his letter that Notre Dame could not tolerate "anyone or any group that substitutes force for rational persuasion," warned that angry reaction to campus violence from legislators might suppress the liberty of universities and "may well lead to a rebirth of fascism."

Hesburgh resisted calls for state and federal action, insisted that "the ultimate solution must come from within the universities." Student protest, he said, is a "resonance of the world's troubles on the part of young people at the university. You cannot ask young people to get involved and not put it to work on the world in which they are living. I think there are many legitimate reasons for protesting today, but the university has to do this according to its proper style, which is rationality and stability, not force and violence."



BERKELEY'S HEYNS



NEW YORK'S MEYERSON



CHICAGO'S LEVI



NOTRE DAME'S HESBURGH

past reputation as a prim, proper school for the elite, Harvard today is undeniably hip (TIME, March 14). It has as many beards as Berkeley, as much grass as Columbia—and one of the nation's most active S.D.S. chapters.

At the same time, though, the majority of students and faculty never seriously expected that the campus really would explode in the way it did. The rights of dissent and discussion are sacred at Harvard, and in the past six months, the faculty has been alert to accommodate student requests that it recognize as legitimate. In addition to abolishing course credit for ROTC, the university readily agreed to establish a program of Afro-American studies when Negro students insisted on it. It is, moreover, in keeping with the Harvard way

of students. As he told TIME Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand recently: "Insofar as they are expressing a deep displeasure with the quality of life and want to see it changed, I am wholly sympathetic, and it is my hope that the students will continue to work for these ends."

Pusey said in a news conference that he called for the police because continued occupation of the administration building would have made it "virtually impossible" for the faculty to conduct its business and would have brought the university to an indefinite standstill. In defending the autonomy of Harvard against McCarthyism in the '50s, and in countless speeches since then, Nathan Pusey has amply proved his deep commitment to intellectual freedom.

has been a recurrent problem throughout history. The college years are those of peak physical energy, a search for identity, freedom and power—all reasons to lash out at frustrating restrictions. Medieval students often scorned learning in favor of brawling and thieving; early American collegians were equally unruly. In 1825, the University of Virginia faculty requested police protection against "personal danger" from belligerent students. Professors at other 19th century U.S. campuses were shouted down, pelted with refuse. Not only have students frequently rioted against one another; they have also started quite a few revolutions.

Happily, there is an antidote for student violence. It is intellectual fulfillment—the discovery of fascinating knowledge under the guidance of a teacher one truly admires. Such was the formula at England's 14th century colleges, the seeds of Oxford and Cambridge, where a mere dozen students lived and learned together with a single master. In the early 20th century, U.S. colleges forestalled violence by offering elective courses and extravagant athletics. The consequent peace was enforced by colleges' acting *in loco parentis* and the growing national canon that education was salvation. Only a few years ago, U.S. collegians were widely lamented as "apathetic."

Faceless Factory

Today's bewildering change from apathy to anger is partly caused by the fact that most students are now physically (if not always emotionally) about two years older than their chronological ages. Huston Smith, an M.I.T. philosophy professor, believes that the campus discipline system, "designed for adolescents, is now appropriate for high schools and needs to be superseded by a new system befitting adults." Alternatively, many freshmen could enter college two years earlier.

The feeling that campus rules are childish is only one reason that the university's moral authority has been discredited in the eyes of the young. More significant is the profound transformation of the university from an academic cloister to a mass industry producing society's key skills and specialists. Bigness has eroded the university as a community—just when campuses are flooded with students yearning for community. To many students and some professors, the university is now a giant corporation that manufactures human cogs for other corporations while performing "complicit" war research for the country's alleged militarists. "The college, after all," says L. D. Nachman, a young radical political theorist at the City University of New York, "functions as the personnel bureau of American society." Indeed, once the university is postulated as the linchpin in a hopelessly corrupt system, it becomes a key target in the radical politics of confrontation. Again and again, radical voices call for the transformation of the



TEARING UP CLOTH FOR RED PROTEST ARM BANDS
Absurd charges perhaps, but not easily dismissed.

that basic decisions are not, as at less democratic universities, made only by a small inner circle of deans. Proposals for major changes are discussed widely among faculty members—and students too—before they are acted on. There may be tension at Harvard, but there is communication as well.

Quality of Life


The S.D.S. radicals and their allies had clearly violated Harvard's tradition of open communication and rational discourse. Yet there was some feeling on campus that Nathan Pusey himself, in a much lesser way, might have violated the tradition by summoning the police without gaining a consensus of his community. A distant and pompous-seeming figure to undergraduates ever since he became president in 1953, Pusey rules his campus more like a guiding presence than an order-giving commander, and he has admitted to being perplexed by youthful demands for instant action. At the same time, he says that he admires the idealism of this gener-

ation. That he should see no alternative to the use of force in defending that freedom is symbolic of the dilemma facing the American university today.

Violence and History

In one sense, the Harvard drama is still an isolated phenomenon. More than 6,700,000 students attend the nation's 2,500 colleges and universities. Fewer than 2% of those millions are destructive radicals, and only a handful of campuses have erupted so far. Still, that 2% amounts to perhaps 100,000 activists, quite enough for a sizable guerrilla war. Over the past year, in fact, disorders have leaped like firebrands from campus to campus—Berkeley, Brandeis, Chicago, Columbia and Howard, to name a few. At Duke and Wisconsin, the turmoil required the National Guard. Black militants and striking teachers closed San Francisco State College for five months, a shutdown punctuated by police raids, arson attempts and bomb explosions.

If perspective helps, student violence



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We're the only travel and entertainment card that guarantees your good credit at 1,300 hospitals throughout the country. And, we're also the only card of our kind that offers you a \$250,000 accidental death insurance policy. (Not very entertaining ideas, but reassuring ones.)

On the lighter side, there's our unique executive gift guide in every issue of Carte Blanche Magazine—a very handy way to window shop, since

all you have to do is charge everything to your Carte Blanche Account.

A look to the future.

Now, you might say it sounds like we have a lot going for us. We do. But, like we said, when things are running smoothly, the sky's the limit. And we have a lot of plans for the future—some of them pretty revolutionary. You'll be hearing about them very soon.

For now, let's just say they'll be bringing Carte Blanche Credit to more people than ever before.

You shouldn't be without us.

It all boils down to this: You should make room for us in your wallet—if only for the fact that we promise you the service you pay for. But we've given you all the other reasons. Just pick your own. Or, invent one.

Take one.

At any rate, send us an application now. They're a very recognizable blue and white. And naturally you'll find them at all the best places. Or you can write us at 3460 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90054.

See what it's like to say "Carte Blanche!" (kart' blonsh') instead of "Charge it."



We give you more than credit.

The Legend of 100 Pipers

There's a legend
that says you hear
one Piper playing when
you sip a good Scotch.
Two Pipers, if the
Scotch is smooth.
Maybe five or six,
if it's mellow.

But only when you
sip a truly great, great
Scotch will you ever hear
one hundred Pipers.
So goes the legend.

Seagram captured this
legend in a bottle and
called it 100 Pipers.
Which tells you
something about the
taste of our Scotch.



Seagram's 100 Pipers Scotch.
Taste that matches legend.

Every drop bottled in Scotland at 40 Proof. Blended
whisky. 40% alc/vol. Imported by Seagram, New York, N.Y.

university into "a bastion or launching pad for total revolution."

Absurd as the charges often seem, they cannot be easily dismissed. No other nation has remotely matched the U.S. ambition of higher education for all. Yet, if enrollment has doubled in ten years, the results are mixed. One reason is the sheer incoherence of big, burocratic universities that allow "research"—much of it trivial—to overshadow everything else. Jacques Barzun likens the current U.S. campus to the medieval guild which "undertook to do everything for the town." The university today, he writes in *The American University*, "aids the poor, redesigns the slums, advises the small tradesmen, runs a free clinic, gives legal aid, and supplies volunteers to hospitals, recreation centers and remedial schools. The only thing the guild used to provide and we do not is Masses for the dead, and if we do not do it is because we are not asked."

Movable Fiefdoms

Research has turned scholars into entrepreneurs, switching their loyalty from universities to the Government or corporations that pay the bills. As universities raid one another's top scholars, the stars take their research grants with them, as well as their close colleagues. Where faculty members were once devoted to their university, many now focus on their own movable fiefdoms. Worse for students, they view mere teaching as an onerous chore. Graduate students do most undergraduate teaching, while top professors shuttle to Washington to advise men in power.

Meantime, the pressure for diplomas has created a mandarin system or "credential society" that sows intense competition for college admission and reaps intense disappointment when teaching turns out to be only incidental to the process. Many jaded students would agree with Eric Solomon, an English professor at San Francisco State, who says that college is "a place where people simply go to wait four years before they get married or go to work." It is also a legitimate alternative to an unpopular war, a fact that worsens the tendency to flatter teachers and cheat if need be.

A recent poll conducted for *FORTUNE* showed that about 40% of students enter college with the hope of bringing about change in the world. And that may be the crux of the problem. In hitting out at the university, the student rebels hit out at a society that they do not respect. Why don't they? Perhaps because the society does not sufficiently respect itself. It is a commonplace that today's young are raised permissively. More important, they are raised in an atmosphere in which conviction is too often asserted either apologetically or with an excessive, bullying vehemence that only masks a lack of true certainty. Increasingly, American society has failed to persuade its young that experience (hence age) counts for something, and that reasonable patience in

the attainment of goals is necessary. The cry is for instant gratification, instant realization of ideals. Rosemary Park, former president of Barnard College, urges adults to "examine their judgments. We will find then that their concern with public issues off the campus is a search for absolutes, an absolute wrong to be righted, civil rights; the exploitation of an innocent society to be protected, Viet Nam."

Professors are probably not meant to provide absolutes. Unfortunately, they no longer provide even models, unless they happen to be political activists. The civil rights movement, the Kennedys, McCarthy—each of these sufficed for a time, until submerged by death or defeat. But Viet Nam continued, Chicago receded. Nixon won. The remaining target is the nearest: the vexed, vulnerable university.

By now it takes a cool head to distinguish between campus reformers, who hope to salvage the university, and campus revolutionaries, who hope to savage it. When extremists halt classes,

they kill the spirit of a university in somewhat the same way that the Nazis did in the 1930s. Seizing buildings is only slightly less dangerous. A recent Harris poll showed that 89% of Americans wanted police to quell campus rebels, whatever the radicalizing effect on moderate students. Voters are pushing state legislators for repressive laws. California has more than 100 such bills before its senate and assembly. One provides five-year sentences for class disrupters; another would empower a new state agency to seize a troubled campus and fire every official, from the president down.

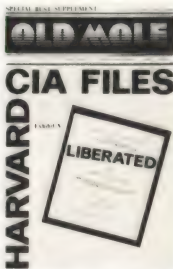
Do extremists want that? Some do. In their view, it would ripen the U.S. for revolution. And yet the university is one of the best possible bases from which sane radicals can expect to mount sizable political support in the U.S. Only the campus is ideally equipped to analyze or attack poverty and pollution, to appeal to the ghetto as well as suburbia. How it should so use those skills is an open question, but if radicals se-

The Radical Voice

The rhetoric of today's young radicals is often as outrageously critical of American society as the latest communiqué from Peking. And few radical voices manage to convey this impassioned style better than Boston's Old Mole, the small, revolutionary bi-weekly in Boston that published the confidential files "liberated" from Harvard's University Hall last week, under the triumphant headline "Reading the Mail of the Ruling Class." Some of these letters reveal close ties between Harvard faculty members and the CIA, the State Department and the Defense Department. Old Mole's comments on these documents and other issues are widely oversimplified, deliberately provocative, and seeded with occasional grains of truth. Excerpts:*

THEY provide proof that Harvard is first and finally an institution of the higher classes, a plaything of the interlocking Government-Pentagon-foundation world which makes American foreign policy. It is an exclusive club, employment agency and training center for the jet-setting intellectual elite who swing deals for the fates of the starved nations in just the way businessmen and generals do. The common style of corporate chieftains, war-makers and Harvard's elite is no accident: many prestigious Harvard professors and administrators are deacons of the church of American empire. Their hands are bloody. The work they do ends in the murder of millions and the looting of the resources

* *Old Mole* derives from an old bit of radical lore, often attributed to Marx: "We recognize our old friend, our old mole, who knows so well how to work underground, suddenly to appear: the revolution."



FRONT PAGE OF UNDERGROUND PAPER

of the world. Official Harvard is a dynamo in the imperialist machine.

On the university's support of the Viet Nam war through campus military training programs:

We can no longer pretend that this war results from a lack of educated Army officers; we must recognize that its roots lie in all institutions of our society, including the university. ROTC trains 70% of the Army's junior officers, men who are sent to battle against the Vietnamese and other liberation movements all over the world. ROTC is only the least subtle of the university's many contributions to the U.S. foreign policy of domination, but our fight against ROTC threatens the status quo in courses, admissions, research, investments and disciplines as well.

riously hope to change society, destroying universities is sheer lunacy. The trouble is, of course, that their goal is less reform than romance—coming alive in action. At the Sorbonne last year, one rebel happily chalked on a wall: "The more I make revolution, the more I make love, the more I make love, the more I make revolution."

Like all visionaries, the student rebels believe that ultimately their ideas will become infectious. The cops at Berkeley, for example, roll up with their loud-speakers and say: "You are ordered, in the name of the people of California, to disperse." The students often reply with chants: "We are the people." They mean that they are fighting for the things people want: racial justice, peace in Viet Nam, economic equality.

Toward Human Scale

In the face of such cosmic complaints, specific university reforms at times seem almost minor and beside the point. And yet they are necessary, just as is the reform of other American institutions. Universities are in for trouble until they mobilize a moderate majority that respects institutions as much as individuals. The way out is to restore democratic governance on campuses across the country, chiefly by creating coalitions of moderate students and the all-too-alloof faculty. Indeed, students are being added to faculty and administrative committees and presidential selection boards at a rapid rate, admittedly in response to their demands. At some colleges, students have gained seats in academic senates, and there are proposals to place them on boards of trustees. At the University of Kansas, where there has been no disruptive protest movement, students have a majority on the disciplinary committee and equal representation on a screening committee that recently selected the next chancellor.

Beyond governance is the problem of reducing huge, impersonal universities to human scale. One approach is the "cluster" college patterned after Oxbridge colleges—autonomous units linked for services but with their own special areas of study. At the University of California in Santa Cruz, four cluster colleges, with an average of 600 undergraduates each, have been opened on a rolling site dotted with redwoods and overlooking the distant Pacific. Each college takes a differing approach to the liberal arts, and the students mingle easily with their professors in the lounges and the dining halls, to their intellectual profit. So far, Santa Cruz has five applicants for every place available. The University of Nebraska will open an experimental college next fall aimed at interdepartmental teaching. Students will also teach one another. "It will be a think-in, live-in, learn-in situation," says English Professor Robert Knoll, who will head the college. "Everybody knows we've got to do it over," he says. "Within the past generation, a new kind of student, a new

kind of faculty, and a new kind of university have developed in response to a demanding world."

Even where living and learning together is not possible, efforts are being made to end student isolation. M.I.T. President Howard Johnson seeks "student advice on educational policy and curriculum design," wants students to start planning their own courses. In *The Academic Revolution*, Christopher Jencks and David Riesman argue that community colleges should take over the first two years of college for virtually all high school graduates. "Senior colleges" might then de-emphasize the B.A. and enroll most students in master's-degree programs. This would ease college-teacher recruitment, and postpone the college-admission trauma two

► Eliminate terminal examinations, instead rate students on their class contributions and written work, also poll them on which students contributed the most.

► Require professors to hear themselves lecture on tape recordings; the results, says Economist Peter Drucker, are "often embarrassing and usually salutary."

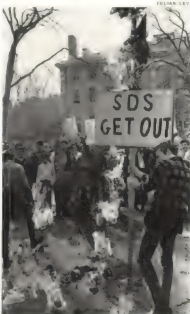
The Role of the University

Whatever the structural or procedural reforms, one central question remains: To what extent should universities become active participants in changing society? Even in merely training people, they change society. But activists want more. Charles Palmer, student-body president at Berkeley, argues that "the university must respond to minority needs instead of just the agricultural and business needs if it is going to be moral." Says David Kemnitzer, a 22-year-old anthropology student at Berkeley: "The university should be examining this society and constructing alternative societies. It should be enshrining Black Panther Spokesman Eldridge Cleaver and (Herbert) Marcuse. It should provide an environment where people can become loving, intelligent and sentient beings. It should be finding ways to run companies so employees don't have to have the ——— exploited out of them. Universities should free people from labor."

Berkeley's Chancellor Roger Heyns disagrees: "We should play an advisory and consultative role, but the university should never be a political action unit. I don't think we should run things." Says Ray Heffner, president of Brown University: "The university must not be aloof from the most pressing problems of our time. And yet the university cannot be so committed to transforming society along definite lines that it loses its function as objective analyst and critic of society."

This disagreement between activist students and the men who run the universities will continue to provide occasions for demonstrations and disorders. Even so, the university must remain what Rosemary Park calls "the place where discussion between generations is possible." Above all, it must have the courage to remain independent, refusing to seek approval for approval's sake, whether from students, politicians or the public at large.

Such courage ought to be the ultimate product of last week's ugly confrontation at Harvard. The lesson is that force, at best, offers only temporary solutions. What the American university needs above all is a new integrity—moral authority, the unsolicited respect of the young and the old alike. Only thus can the university be immune to extremism and able to follow its calling of truth and reason—the role that Sir Eric Ashby of Cambridge University defined as providing an "environment for the continuous polishing of one mind by another."



ANTI-S.D.S. RALLY IN HARVARD YARD
Search for identity, freedom, power.

years, allowing students to choose when they are older and better equipped to do so. Another approach, being tried at Simon's Rock in Great Barrington, Mass., is for an "early college," a four-year program combining the last two years of high school and the first two of college. David Henry, president of the University of Illinois, speaks for many who want to upgrade the prestige of vocational schools so that adolescents not inclined to prolonged academic study would have an acceptable substitute. "There are a lot of people in the universities who would prefer to be somewhere else," he says. "Before technical and vocational schools can make a real contribution, our society has to put a higher status on them."

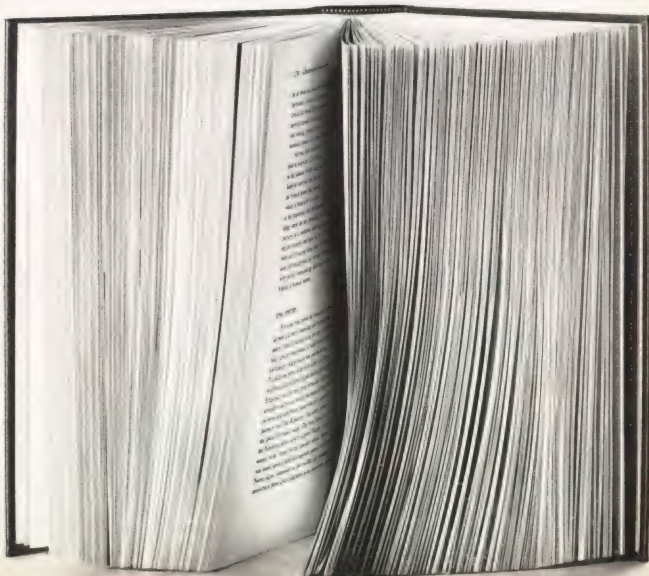
Other proposals:

► Abolish entrenched departments and create "over-arching" disciplines in order to end artificial boundaries between subjects.

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MEDICINE

TRANSPLANTS

An Act of Desperation

For nearly 65 hours, an artificial heart beat within Haskell Karp's chest. Then, 30 hours after the 8-oz. plastic device was replaced by the heart of a 40-year-old woman, Karp died last week in Houston's St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital, succumbing to pneumonia and kidney failure. By becoming the first human recipient of a completely artificial heart, Karp had briefly raised all sorts of expectations the world over. His death immediately touched off an angry controversy over the wisdom of trying out the device without further experimentation. It also brought into the open a feud that has long simmered between two noted surgeons: Dr. Denton A. Cooley, who implanted the mechanical heart in Karp, and the equally famous Dr. Michael E. DeBakey.

Starkly Explicit. Cooley said that his decision to use the artificial heart, developed by Argentine-born Dr. Domingo Liotta, was made on the spur of the moment. "It was an act of desperation," Cooley admitted. "I was concerned, of course, because this had never been done before. But we had to put up one Sputnik to start the space program, and we had to start here some place."

The desperate moments began even before the controversial heart started pumping life back into Karp. 47, a printing estimator from Skokie, Ill., Cooley warned Karp that if his badly damaged heart proved to be beyond repair, it might become necessary to use the experimental plastic device. Because the artificial heart is believed to cause serious damage to the blood if left in the body for too long, Cooley, along with Karp's family, issued a nationwide appeal for a human heart to replace it as quickly as possible. It was a starkly explicit appeal, calling for a person "with irreversible brain damage, good cardiac function and O-positive blood."

One potential donor, en route to the hospital by ambulance from Cleveland, Texas, died of a blood clot just a few blocks away; complications prevented use of her heart. Then Dr. Robert Lennon, a Lawrence, Mass. anesthesiologist, called Cooley to say that he had a suitable donor. Mrs. Barbara Ewan, who had suffered fatal brain damage, was considered medically dead (complete absence of brain waves for a period of 48 hours) when she arrived in Houston, but her heart had been kept beating with injections of stimulants. She suffered cardiac arrest just eight blocks from the medical center, and was re-

ceiving heart massage when she arrived.

Even before Karp died, rumors began surfacing that the artificial heart (technically known as an orthotopic cardiac prosthesis) had been developed at least partially with funds assigned to a DeBakey research team and that it had been used without adequate testing and without DeBakey's knowledge or permission. The National Heart Institute has asked DeBakey and Cooley if federal funds were used in the development of the device. If so, said Dr. Theodore Cooper, NHI's director, its use was subject to federal guidelines covering human experimentation. He explained that these guidelines stipulate that "if experiments are going to be carried out on man, every effort must be made to ensure that the experiment is safely conceived."



COOLEY (LEFT) & DeBAKEY (RIGHT) IN 1967*
Sputnik into space, fuel for the feud.

that the procedure is done with the informed consent of the patient, and that scientific and ethical matters involved be reviewed by scientists and physicians at the hospital not themselves involved in the experiments."

Some of DeBakey's associates implied that the artificial heart used by Cooley and Liotta had been developed almost entirely by DeBakey's federally funded research team. "It's the same damn heart we've been working on for years," said one of them. Though Cooley is not a member of the team, Liotta is. In this case, DeBakey's permission—and that of a special medical review board—should have been received before the heart was used.

DeBakey, 60, a pioneering open-heart surgeon, is president of the Baylor University College of Medicine; Cooley, 49, is a member of the faculty. The

* Receiving Peru's Order of the Sun from the consul general in Houston for their services to humanity.

two Texans have scrupulously avoided public battles, but their subordinates have been less inhibited. Those loyal to DeBakey, for example, have fostered the impression that Cooley has performed some of his 20 heart transplants prematurely. Cooley's lieutenants, on the other hand, dismiss this as professional jealousy; they point out that Cooley performed his first transplant three months before DeBakey did. DeBakey's associates also expressed concern about the purely experimental status of artificial hearts. The Baylor heart was reportedly tested in calves at least four times. The animals died on the operating table or shortly after the implantation. One survived for three days. Large-scale damage to the blood cells—one of the chief obstacles to the use of artificial hearts—was cited as a contributing factor in the calves' deaths. Medical authorities, however, carefully refused to speculate whether any damage might have been done to Karp by similar "traumatization" of his blood cells.

Experience Needed. Cooley, for his part, remained unfrustrated. He claimed that the artificial heart used in Karp was developed entirely with funds from the Texas Heart Institute and other private sources. But he was cautious in appraising its usefulness. "We have demonstrated that a mechanical device will support the body," he declared after Karp's death. "But we've got to get more experience. It can only be used in a person who is at the brink of death or in a person who has already died, as, in effect, Mr. Karp had. He was completely dependent on the mechanical heart-lung, so that if it had been disconnected he would have been dead. That was the only justification for doing something as radical as this."

Originally, Cooley had estimated that the patient might be able to live as long as a month with the artificial heart. When the question was repeated later in the week, however, his reply was more circumspect. "I don't know," he said. "This is a human being we're working with." As a result of the furor provoked by the Karp case and the still unresolved questions of procedure and ethics, heart surgeons are likely to be extremely hesitant before they try to duplicate Dr. Cooley's desperate act.

HOSPITALS

Too Many Shocks

With the growing array of plug-in appliances in the average U.S. home, the danger of electrical shock is considerable. In hospitals, the hazard is often far greater. And the sicker the patient is, the greater the danger, for he is likely to be wired to a battery of electronic monitoring and assistance devices. Yet while most household devices from irons to toasters to dishwashers come

—One measure of the gravity of the problem is the fact that the NHI is spending some \$6,000,000 to study the cause of such damage and to develop blood-compatible materials for artificial hearts.

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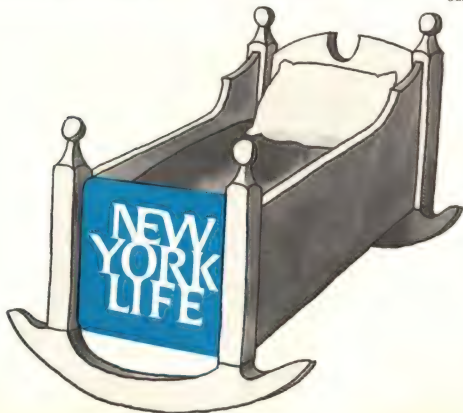
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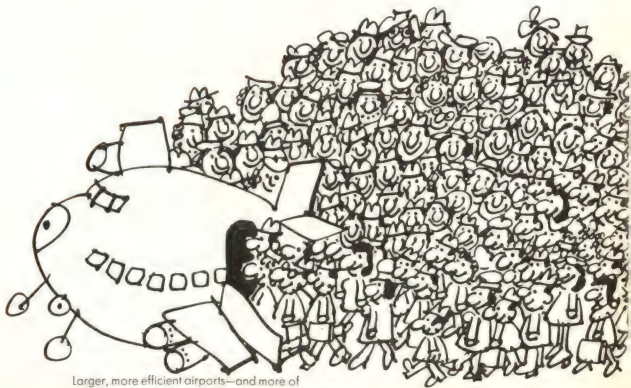
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GOODYEAR

Goodyear Custom Wide Tread - 1967-1970

with a little tag reading "UL (for Underwriters' Laboratories) Approved," there is no comparable standard of approval for hospital equipment.

According to Dr. Carl Waldemar Walter of Boston's famed Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, there are 1,200 "electrocutions"—deaths by electrical shock—in U.S. hospitals every year. Though the statement has provoked incredulity (a spokesman for the American Medical Association insists that it is "exaggerated by about 1,175 cases"), Walter stands by it. "I don't think it's an unrealistic figure," he said last week, "since we have about 7,000 hospitals and 30 million hospitalized patients a year." The figure would be far greater, he notes, if it included patients who suffer cardiac arrest as a result of electrical shock but are resuscitated.

On the Alert. Electrical hazards in hospitals fall into two main categories: 1) those resulting from the complexity of the equipment, which may be made by different manufacturers and thus have incompatible grounding systems, and 2) those arising from simple causes, such as worn cords and broken plugs.

In the operating room, recovery room or intensive-care unit of a modern hospital, the more sophisticated devices may actually be safer than the routine ones, because they are used by highly trained physicians and nurses who are on the alert for danger signals. Even so, says Walter, such vigilance may not always be sufficient. In a situation involving a patient who has an electrical lead going into his heart or a major artery, for example, a minute accidental current leakage, ordinarily considered negligible, may stop a patient's heart. Perhaps more dangerous in the long run are the heating pads, blankets, bed controls and reading lamps that everyone takes for granted. If current from any of these ungrounded appliances reaches a patient's body, he may suffer burns or electric shock. Even when the supposedly safe three-prong plug with a ground wire is used, there is still a danger. Because the equipment is plugged in and out so often, usually by undertrained aides who understand nothing about electricity, the ground wire may break inside the cable or the plug.

Detachable Head. To reduce the danger, the health-products division of Borg-Warner Corp. is using a heavy-duty plug with a detachable head that may be open for inspection. Borg-Warner has also introduced a low-voltage hand control for the patient's tip-up bed: even if there should be a leakage of current, the resulting shock would be only 16 volts, not enough to be harmful even to a very sick man.

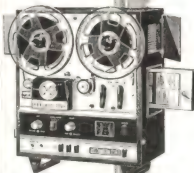
Every year since 1962, with monotonous regularity, bills have been introduced in Congress calling for approval by some federal agency of hospital electrical devices to ensure that they meet minimum safety standards. So far, all the bills have been killed in committee.

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TELEVISION

PROGRAMMING

Stimuli of Experiment

Centuries shuttled back and forth last week on NBC. Italian truck drivers became Roman legionnaires; butchers were metamorphosed into gladiators (one burly swordsman was nearly reduced to tears when he got a scratched ear); a woman switched from modern bourgeois matron to sadistic Messalina. These time-machine gambols took place on *Fellini: A Director's Notebook*, one program in the NBC series called "Experiment in Television" that had managed to escape from the usual Sunday-afternoon intellectual ghetto to prime time.

Idea Gambler. *Notebook* got out of the ghetto because (briefly) it had a sponsor, Burlington Industries. When the Burlington people saw a preview of *Notebook*, complete with Bacchic frenzies and the ghostly prow of transvestites in the night-shrouded Colosseum, they dropped the option even though it was too late for NBC to change the schedule. *Notebook's* love affair with Imperial Rome resulted from the fact that Director Federico Fellini made it while at work on a movie based on the bawdy remnants of Petronius' *Satyricon*. His declared intention in making the TV film was to portray "an exalted picturesque, neurotic world," and he hoped to "activate a series of stimuli and responses." He succeeded, and not only with Burlington Industries.

As a director Fellini has always played with ideas and people and, like most gamblers, he wins a few, loses a few. The loser among the *Notebook* sketches was a stagy, tasteless mock interview with Marcello Mastroianni. Among the winners was a night ride on the Roman subway, which may still be under construction in the 21st century—archaeologists hold up the work each time the tunnel runs into ancient finds. As Fel-

lini's train sped through the tunnel, the stations gradually filled up with Roman slaves, Senators, and soldiers.

In last week's regular Sunday slot "Experiment" also scored high with *Pinter People*, a show in which Playwright Harold Pinter talked engagingly about his work. Critics have combed Pinter's plays in search of symbols and hidden meanings. Pinter thinks they are wasting their time. "I don't sermonize," he said. "There's nothing I have to say at all, except what I discover about the characters. I don't know any more about people than anybody else does—I just know about the characters I write about."

Pinter also eavesdrops. His "Experiment" sketches, shown in animation, were ideal eavesdropping situations: a foreman reporting to his jovial boss; a bus queue enlivened by a quarrel; an earnest job applicant getting the works. Thus summarized the sketches sound unexciting, but they completely engaged the viewers' attention, and were beautifully interspersed with filmed shots of London and Londoners—old ladies gossiping, Thames bargemen clowning when the camera was on them, swinging birds in a discotheque.

As originally conceived, "Experiment" was to present nine original dramas each season. Tom McAvity, 61, general program executive of the series, soon discovered it was not possible to round up that many good plays, so nondramatic fare was added. He and his team work within the confines of a low budget, some \$400,000 a season, or less than what each network spends for one night's programming. He must also be careful not to infringe on the jealous domain of NBC News.

Within these limits, McAvity has done an extraordinary job. Of the 23 shows performed during the past three seasons, not one has been a total clinker,

and most were impressive. The shows included *Four Days to Omaha*, in which the posthumous son of an American soldier tries to piece together his father's last days before death in Normandy; *Color Me German*, an examination of a Mischling, or the child of a black G.I. and a German girl; *Passport to Prague*, a moving love story about an American girl and a Czech designer.

For budget reasons, many "Experiment" shows are filmed abroad; all of them are fully controlled by the individual producers or directors. McAvity does not deliberately seek out name actors or authors. "A name wouldn't add a nickel to our rating," he says. Estimates of the TV audience run from 10 to 15 million, compared with 50 million for *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In*. McAvity says, "A good bowling match will kick hell out of us." The series has developed an odd byproduct: many advertising agencies have asked for screenings of some of the shows. What they wanted to see was not their content, but their technique—to decide if they were applicable to TV commercials.

CENSORSHIP

Fickle Finger of CBS

Why did CBS fire the Smothers Brothers? Tommy Smothers says the network is against free speech. CBS says that Tommy and Dick broke their contract. ABC and NBC say no comment. Dick says ask Tommy. The one sure thing is that the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*—since 1967 one of TV's few sources of new ideas and sparkle—is off the air for this season and next.

CBS's stated reason for canceling the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* was one of those rationales distinguished by the fact that just about nobody believed it. According to the network, the brothers had failed to hand over a tape of their April 6 show to CBS censors by a Wednesday deadline (TIME, April 11). When it did appear, said CBS, the



FELLINI IN "NOTEBOOK"



ANIMATED SCENE FROM "PINTER PEOPLE"

And an odd byproduct for the admen.



TOM & DICK SMOTHERS
Right in the eye.

tape contained a "sermonette" segment that was in poor taste. Tom Smothers pointed out that: 1) there is no Wednesday-deadline provision in the contract; 2) the tape was submitted to the CBS Los Angeles office on Wednesday anyway; 3) the brothers had agreed to snip the offending sermonette. CBS's real motive, said Tom, was to find a costless way to cancel the \$4.5 million Smothers contract at a date so late that the other networks could not fit them into next fall's schedule.

Twain Vein. The Smotherses were obviously trying to draw CBS into open battle. Dick was at an auto show in New York, but Tom began the week by traveling to Toronto to watch the show on the independent Canadian TV network. Next day he flew to New York to screen the program for newsmen. Ironically, it was one of the Smotherses' best-produced shows, featuring Tommy and Singer Nancy Wilson in a parody of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald ditties, several lively musical numbers, and ending with a tribute to Martin Luther King (not one of the networks had chosen to do a special on the anniversary of King's death). The sermonette that CBS felt would have been considered "irreverent and offensive by a large segment of our audience" turned out to be rather mild, even in an Easter week following the Eisenhower funeral. Comedian David Steinberg's retelling of the story of Jonah was more in the vein of Mark Twain than Lenny Bruce. Jonah, in Steinberg's version, was swallowed by a giant guppy. Many clergymen appreciate Steinberg's mischievous Biblical homilies and he has often been invited to speak in churches and temples. "Because new types of humor seem foreign to people, they assume that they must be in bad taste," says the impish Steinberg, who is now sermonizing at Manhattan's Bitter End. "What they don't know is that I know the Bible and love it."

For both the Smothers Brothers and CBS, the deeper issue is whether comedians have the right to make impertinent statements without network interference. Tommy and Dicky maintain that every self-respecting wit must lace his humor with social comment. Further, they say, CBS's insistence on its "responsibility" to edit out "bad taste" only perpetuates blandness and denies a forum of expression to young adults (who form nearly one-third of the Smothers audience), blacks, and any other minority with "unpopular" opinions. "No one gets after Bob Hope for his views on the war," says Tommy acerbically. "How the hell does CBS have the right to decide the public air can't be used to criticize the war?"

Substituting Uggams. Although CBS remained grimly silent last week, the network had already made its position clear at recent Washington hearings. Lately, Senator John O. Pastore has been expressing concern over what he considers the violence and questionable moral content of TV shows. While CBS President Frank Stanton eloquently defended TV's right to free speech in Washington last month, he also assured Pastore's Senate Subcommittee on Communications that he would police his air waves with renewed vigilance. Despite the assurance—or perhaps because of it—the Smotherses' April 6 show was studded with gibes at Pastore, both from Tom and his guest, Dan Rowan of *Laugh-In*. Rowan awarded Pastore ("Pastore—P-a-s-t-o-r-e") the "fickle-finger-of-fate award" for "keeping up the good work." As one CBS official put it privately last week, "Tommy had been sticking his finger in the network's eye and something had to be done."

The Smotherses can do little more than complain publicly. They considered a lawsuit, but discarded the idea, Tom explained, when they learned that it would keep them off the air during the probable two or three years of litigation. ABC and NBC have pointedly ignored the brothers' overtures. *Rapprochement* with CBS seems unlikely, especially since the network has already drawn up plans for a new variety-series replacement starring Leslie Uggams. One possibility would be for the boys to accept an offer from the Canadian TV network to produce what Tommy only half-jokingly calls a "Smothers Brothers in Exile" show in Toronto. Except for that unlikely outcome, Tom Smothers is probably justified in saying, "What I'm afraid of most is that this whole thing will dry up and blow away and be forgotten."

* Support for the brothers came last week from Federal Communications Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, who criticized the "ignominious silence" of broadcasters who are dedicated to "free speech for profitable speech only." A study of the occasions on which the broadcasting industry has raised the banner to "free speech," said Johnson, "leaves one with the distinct suspicion that these occasions almost invariably coincide with the industry's monetary self-interests."

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THE PRESS

OPINION

Explaining McCarthy

Writers cannot shake their fascination with Eugene McCarthy, the moody Minnesotan who had the courage to challenge his party's President, then seemingly lacked the spine or energy to wage more than a languid, token campaign against Hubert Humphrey for his party's nomination. What kind of a man, they wonder, can reject frantic calls from campaign aides at key moments, first because he is watching the All-Star baseball game on television, next because he is playing softball with a group of nuns? What about his pettiness toward opponents, his long refusal to endorse Humphrey after the Vice President won the nomination, or his peculiar reaction to the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia as something one should not get excited about? It has the elements of deep fiction or psychological drama, so perhaps it is fitting that two critic-novelists think that they have found the answers.

Writing in the *New American Review*, Wilfrid Sheed offers the intriguing, if overly pat explanation that McCarthy is a "Commonweal Catholic." This is Sheed's term for those members of the generation of U.S. Catholics, now aged 35 to 60, who combine "old-fashioned religious training" with progressive politics shaped by unionism and papal encyclicals on the worth of labor. This kind of Catholic clings to "an abstract, quasi-scholastic style" marked by witty references to arcane books and thinkers. The type is "congenitally mistrustful of ambition and scornful of those who push themselves beyond their merits." When such a Catholic finds himself tempted by ambition, Sheed claims, "he reminds himself over and over that he isn't that hot." Since U.S. society tends to honor ambition, this Catholic avoids criticism by feigning laziness.

Crazed Frivolity. McCarthy's training as a seminarian and a professor fits him neatly into Sheed's category. "Anyone who has ever sat around a rectory, or even an Irish living room, will have heard many duplicates of McCarthy's wit," Sheed writes. But for a presidential candidate, the McCarthy humor was a handicap, Sheed says, since it made him sound like "a 13th century eccentric, a man of crazed frivolity." Too often, his bookish metaphors made "a man of rather direct and earthy intellect seem vague and woolly." He appeared to be "a lofty bumbler, sacrificing precision for the sake of a cute reference."

A *Commonweal* Catholic, as Sheed sees it, cannot believe that his personal feelings are relevant to the issues. He has only contempt for "weeping politicians," who either confess their political sins or flaunt their virtues. "McCarthy could not, if life depended on

it, act out his compassion for the poor," says Sheed. "Politically, this subject demands a certain amount of Mammy-singing. You can denounce the war calmly, and the emotion will take care of itself. But when you come to poverty, you must perform. McCarthy spoke precisely as strongly about both subjects; yet he was felt to be passionate about Viet Nam, indifferent about race."

Would such a man make a good President? Sheed thinks yes, but he is not certain. "The habit of frivolity is tyrannical, wants to make a joke of everything. With McCarthy . . . when it lapsed, a very deep melancholy seemed to take over." In the end, claims Sheed, McCarthy "underestimated himself sinfully. And he was, I believe, after the



McCarthy campaigning
The race was over the day he ran.

first shock, delighted to be free of his role, to escape from his Secret Service man and return to that niche a little below the top."

In a two-part series in *Harper's*, Jeremy Lerner, a novelist who helped write McCarthy's campaign speeches, takes a more critical view of McCarthy as a captive of his own personality, his obsession with style and his upbringing among German Catholics in central Minnesota. "The German immigrants, Lerner writes, accented 'regulation and reserve, scholastic superiority, and security in judging others who succumb to worldly experience.' McCarthy's training at Minnesota's St. John's University stressed that in a God-ordered universe one gets in touch with God

only through laboriously acquired "right reason." In this tradition, social justice can develop only "little by little," and crisis-oriented alarmists are to be despised.

To Lerner, those views opened a gulf between McCarthy and his most activist supporters, who were bent on reforming society in a hurry. But for McCarthy, claims Lerner, "the race was over in a moral sense the day he agreed to run. With that act, he accepted his obligation and carried out his reasoned judgment." Rather than fight for power, he would present his views in a balanced way, hoping to "expose the hypocrisy and self-seeking of other candidates." If the times were right, he would be elected and would make an "adequate" President—"which is all anyone can be and well beyond the reach of those who blow themselves to greatness."

Bitterness and Pessimism. If all that sounds lofty, Lerner suggests that McCarthy's restraint may actually have masked a "fear of looking bad—like certain athletes who would rather lose than go all out to win. If one goes all out and loses, then one is without excuse." Thus McCarthy would not approach ethnic and other groups he needed to win, because it would "open himself to criticism or rejection." Lerner also detects in McCarthy "a deep-seated bitterness, which made him downrate individuals even as he was calling for a national policy of generosity." Perhaps, says Lerner, McCarthy is infected by "a guilt and fear so relentless that it demanded the destruction of every possibility of power or success."

How does McCarthy feel about such harsh amateur analysis? He dismisses the Sheed article as "pretty much froth. I really don't know what he means by *Commonweal* Catholic—I suppose that's one of those new lines." McCarthy tags Lerner's effort only as "a mixed piece." He does not seem to consider all this McCarthy watching a very significant activity. "I suppose this game will go on," he shrugs, "as long as I'm marketable." Yet he did hint during the campaign that there is indeed something mysterious about him that may never be explained. "There is something wrong with McCarthy, all right," Lerner quotes McCarthy as saying. "But they don't know what it is."

EDITORS

"I Couldn't Get

Anyone to Arrest Me"

Any reader of the *San Francisco Chronicle* will tell you that Scott Newhall is not one of your milquetoast editors. There was, for instance, the night last February when a gang of white segregationists roughed up one of the paper's photographers covering a meeting about bussing schoolchildren. Next day, Newhall's anger exploded on the editorial page: "As of this moment we do not know the identity of these preposterous bores, but when we find out, the aging executive editor of this news-

* McCarthy's mother, Anna, who died in 1945, was of German origin; his father, Michael, now 93, is of Irish descent. Both were born in the U.S.



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America, Columbus
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Some of the Spanish hotels are part of the friendly network of *Paradores* run by the Government. They range from air-conditioned motels to timbered country inns where, except for a tile bathroom with piping hot water, Columbus would feel at home. They include Moorish palaces and crusaders' castles, Renaissance mansions and chalet-styled ski lodges.

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A black and white photograph of four bottles of Taylor wine and a book. The bottles are labeled 'TAYLOR', 'NEW YORK STATE', 'CLARET', and 'Lake Country Red'. A book titled 'Pocket Dictionary of Wines' is visible in the foreground. A glass of red wine is also present. The background is dark, and the lighting highlights the bottles and the book.

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paper is going to do his best to kick their teeth right through the back of their heads."

Strong stuff for a man who has an artificial leg and a heart condition, and who is not exactly in fighting trim at 55. But he meant it, and as a courtesy to the "social Neanderthals," he listed his office phone number, home address and the usual hour (8 p.m.) he could be found "on the darkened Fifth Street sidewalk at the side entrance to the *Chronicle*." No one showed up.

Tax info license. Just now, Newhall is defying the city of San Francisco to throw him in jail for putting his mouth where his money should be. At issue is a new local ordinance requiring businesses—including newspapers—to pay a tax on their gross receipts, whether

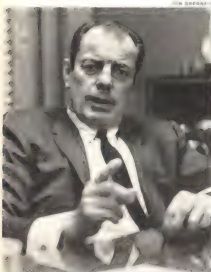
wouldn't comply. Then I couldn't get anyone to arrest me.

"So I got the head of the copy boys to make a citizen's arrest, and we went to see the sheriff. He said, Go see the D.A. The D.A. said, Go see the police. The police said, Go see the D.A. I had one final recourse: to go before a judge and have the arrest made in his presence. The judge, who was a gentleman, accepted it. My employee swore out some complaints, and I insisted they give me a number, take the fingerprints, and so forth." Newhall finally was promised his day in municipal court at the end of the month; if he does not get satisfaction there, he will appeal. "I will absolutely carry it as far as I have to," he says.

Even though some of his crusades seem outrageous, Newhall is no Don Quixote. When he and Publisher Charles Thieriot took over the *Chronicle* in 1952, the paper was sobersided and international-minded. Circulation was 155,000, behind two mediocre competitors, and profit-and-loss figures showed only losses. Newhall de-emphasized foreign affairs and accentuated a breezy—and sometimes banal—mixture of splashy local stories and columnists, including San Franciscophile Herb Caen and Art Hoppe, the West Coast's answer to Art Buchwald. One of the paper's series, probing the police department, went so far as to lead with the old saw about the dumb cop who found a dead horse on the corner of Guerrero Street and dutifully dragged it a whole block to Valencia Street because he couldn't spell Guerrero. "We got a new chief out of that series," says Newhall.

Two-line Editorial. Newhall's flamboyance and humor nearly always have a point. When the rival paper, *Hearst's Examiner*, got overrighteously indignant about topless bathing suits, Newhall ran a two-line editorial: "The problem with San Francisco is not topless bathing suits. It's topless newspapers." Mixing up a concoction of baking powder and alcohol and selling it to friends as Spanish fly, he helped finance a small scholarship fund for Mexican students at the University of California. During the *Pueblo* crisis, when Governor Ronald Reagan was urging a 24-hour ultimatum to the North Koreans, Newhall offered to finance the deployment of a battleship—on the sole condition that the Governor be in the landing party.

Though Newhall's *Chronicle* is frequently criticized as lightweight intellectually, the paper's circulation has climbed to 492,000, ahead of the *Examiner* (220,000) and the paper has been profitable since 1962. Newhall takes great pride in survival and dismisses the criticism. "It has been my opinion that the only way we could stay alive was to make the paper at times a seemingly frothy, purely enjoyable experience, beneath which is a strong, serious, liberal viewpoint about world affairs."



NEWHALL IN OFFICE

Mouth where the money should be.

they are profitable or not. Such taxes are not unprecedented; they exist in more than half the states. Still, Newhall protests on the grounds that "this tax is a license, and therefore becomes, in effect, a jurisdictional regulation of the press, which has been prohibited by both the United States Constitution and the California Constitution."

The *Chronicle* paid despite his objections, but Newhall is fighting privately as owner of the *Signal*, a small (circ.: 2,265) suburban newspaper outside Los Angeles. Since 30 copies of the *Signal* are sold in San Francisco, Newhall asked the city whether the tax would apply to him. Yes, it would, said the city; it would probably cost about \$3.75 each quarter.

As Newhall tells it: "I talked to the mayor, who said my argument impressed him, and if I would come up with an amendment involving only newspapers, he'd take a fresh look at it. He's a very bright guy and a very good lawyer. At least he says he is. Anyway, the thing dragged on, and finally I just lost patience and wrote a letter stating I

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OPERA

Rossini Rides Again

"Ah, Rossini," Beethoven said to his young Italian visitor in the spring of 1822, "you are the composer of *The Barber of Seville*. It delights me. It will be played as long as Italian opera exists." As usual, Beethoven was exactly right. Although Gioacchino Rossini dashed off 38 operas before his retirement at the age of 37, he was long known as essentially a one-opera composer. Many of his lively overtures are concert hall staples, but the musical dramas they introduce were generally considered too florid for modern ears and too demanding for contemporary voices.

Today, though, there is a growing interest in Rossini, and last week Milan's La Scala revived one of his most difficult operas: *The Siege of Corinth*. A papier-mâché tragedy about the Turkish conquest of Greece in the 15th century, it was not well liked at its Naples premiere in 1820; the audience expected Rossini's usual *opera buffa*, not blood and fireworks. The work fared little better elsewhere in Italy. Audiences found it too moralistic; singers were terrorized by its complexities. In fact, it was last heard at La Scala more than a century ago. Yet despite the twin handicaps of obscurity and popular indifference, the revival was a major success.

Searching the Dustbins. In large part, the new *Siege* bore a made-in-U.S.A. stamp. American Conductor Thomas Schippers was on the podium, and his three principal singers were also American. Soprano Beverly Sills of the New York City Opera made a stunning La Scala debut as the Greek heroine Pamina. Mezzo-Soprano Marilyn Horne displayed her rich vocal resources as the young Greek army officer Neocle (in the 19th century, female singers were often cast as young men). Puerto

Rican-born Justino Diaz of the Met filled the basso role of the Turkish sultan with majesty and brilliance.

Invited by La Scala to conduct a Rossini work for the centenary of the composer's death, Schippers spent months scouring the operatic dustbins of Europe and the U.S. for a workable score of *The Siege*. He finally discovered a copy of the original Naples version among some old manuscripts in the Library of Congress. A French publisher lent him fragments of Rossini's orchestration for the first Paris performance. The Rossini library in Pesaro, Italy, the composer's home town, produced a score of the initial La Scala production. Schippers took what seemed to him the best music from each of these versions, including a breathtakingly difficult aria for Neocle which Rossini had never used apparently for lack of competent singers.

Barbaric Chords. The result of Schippers' assemblage is a remarkable triumph of sight and sound. Though the opening scenes are somewhat workaday, Rossini, the opera comes into its full glory in the third act, which begins with an unusually long (14 minutes) aria by Horne. Rossini's lyrical melodies shimmer and flow as beautifully as a moonlit Aegean. Then, before the curtain falls on the burning, ravaged Corinth, the orchestra sweeps through a series of harsh, barbaric chords that sound almost Wagnerian.

The revival, says La Scala's Co-Artistic Director Bindo Missiroli, has all "the nobility of an epic religious poem." Schippers himself regards *The Siege of Corinth* as "the most inventive opera Rossini ever wrote." Hard-to-please Milanese opera buffs are paying the ultimate compliment to the Michigan-born maestro: they say that it is really the work of a new composer named Rossini-Schippers.

POP

Satin, Silky, Sexy

They were sitting around at a rehearsal one night in 1967, the five of them, trying to think of ways to get their singing group off the ground. In wandered a young composer friend, who told them about a little song he had dashed off that afternoon in 20 minutes. It was all about a balloon ride. Just for kicks, they began working the song over. From the piano, the composer arranged it on the spot. "Billy, you do this line," he would say. "Marilyn, you sing this." It was fun, but as Marilyn said sadly, "it's too pretty to ever be a hit."

Which just goes to show that you never know where the next pop hit is coming from. The group was the 5th Dimension, and the song was Jimmy Webb's *Up, Up and Away*. No song title ever pointed to the future better than that one. The Dimension named their first LP after it, and it sold 450,000 copies. The single itself won four Grammy Awards last year. Now they are one of the hottest and most sought-after pop groups in show business. They have been almost everywhere on TV. Their nightclub fee is \$30,000 a week, and they are booked solid until Christmas 1970. Last week their latest single, *Aquarius—Let the Sunshine In*, a medley from the musical *Hair*, was No. 1 on all the charts, and had sold 1,500,000 copies in only six weeks.

Clean Psychedelic. *Aquarius* is as good an example as any of what they can do. Their harmonies are striking, clean and progressive. The orchestral backing is colorful and full of big-band sweep. Best of all is their pulsating, straight-ahead beat.

As good as the group's records are, though, the 5th Dimension ought to be seen as well as heard. Attractive



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CHOREOGRAPHERS

From A to B to Z

and easy to take, the quintet wears any one of a dozen matching sequined outfits that are psychedelic gear at its clean, scrubbed-up best. Their carefully worked-out choreography gives their live performances a satin, silky, sexy kind of happiness. Like such earlier pop groups as the Modernaires and the Mills Brothers, the 5th Dimension make no pretense at being anything but a slick, entertaining pop group. All five of them are Negroes, but even though they tap the wellspring of soul now and then, their sound transcends the color barrier. What they are interested in is good songs, ingenious arrangements and class delivery.

The three men grew up together in the tough midwestern section of St. Louis. When they take their fancy jackets off, their brawny forearms look like butchers' blocks, the result of many a ghetto gang fight. After some extraordinary career detours, they drifted to Los Angeles one by one. Ron Townson, 36, once an operatic tenor, hooked up with Nat "King" Cole's Merry Young Souls. Billy Davis, 29, who had studied singing since the age of seven, arrived to give show business one final try, although he confesses he half expected to have to go back to sheet-metal work in St. Louis.

Next came Lamonte McLemore, 30, who had played first base for a Los Angeles Dodgers farm club, dropped out of baseball in 1960 to become a fashion photographer. A drummer since his high school days, he soon had a professional jazz-rock combo going as well. It was Lamonte who met Marilyn McCoo, 25, lanky, curvaceous daughter of a Los Angeles doctor, while photographing the 1962 Miss Bronze California Pageant. Marilyn won the talent contest. Finally, Florence LaRue, 26, then working her way through Cal State, won the same event the next year. Both girls could sing, both were good-looking, and it wasn't long before the boys had themselves a fivesome.

Taking Off. Calling themselves The Versatiles, they went over to the West Coast office of Motown Records, the inventor of the slick soul sound, for an audition. Motown turned them down, but the branch-office manager, Marc Gordon, quit to become their manager. He got them a contract with Soul City Records, changed their name to the 5th Dimension, brought Jimmy Webb onto the scene, and watched them take off.

At one point early in their career, the group decided to leave soul and rhythm and blues behind; they wanted a bigger audience than that. Last year at Valparaiso University in Indiana, the Black Students Union picketed their concert because it didn't think the 5th was black enough. Other than that, however, nobody seems to mind that they prefer joy to funky blues. Says Ron: "Music is an international language. It just means you're happy, and when you're really happy you should talk to everybody."

"I do not know whether my dance will live," Martha Graham once said. "This is not my concern. If the ideas and principles of movement I have created pass into the general stream of dance, I shall feel amply satisfied." Later, however, the *grande dame* of modern dance has displayed a somewhat less cavalier attitude toward the body of 144 works that she has created over the course of 43 years. Not only is she beginning to film some of them for posterity, but a number of less familiar pieces have been revised and restored to her recent repertory as well.

Last week the Graham company



GRAHAM IN *EAGLES*
Monuments all.

opened a two-week stand at Manhattan's City Center. For the occasion, there was one totally new piece of choreography, and recent works like *Cortage of Eagles* (1967), but there were also revivals of dances that some of her fans had feared might die with the dancer. The opening-night program included the serene *Canticle for Innocent Comedians*, a work inspired by the poetry of St. Francis of Assisi, and last performed in 1953. There were other old favorites, like the 1946 *Dark Meadow* and the 1947 *Errand into the Maze*, both symbol-laden ritualistic works, which give the current programs far more the look of Graham retrospectives than was the case in previous Manhattan appearances. From the looks of it all, Martha Graham, a month short of her 75th birthday, is finally reconciled to being a part of history.

Well she might be. The extraordinary reputation of Martha Graham as a creator of dance stems not merely from the fact that she invented a new alphabet of movement, but that she then also applied that alphabet to the making of words and sentences. Any modern dancer today owes practically his whole range of action to her pioneering. More important, Martha Graham incorporated that vocabulary of movement into a series of dances that leave an audience both stunned and baffled, touched and terrified by the power of motion to create a mirror of the human psyche. Says Teacher-Choreographer Jeff Duncan: "Graham's meaning to today's dancer is that she gave him an awareness of the power and mystery that lies in the human body."

The Graham philosophy of movement evolved from a desire to expand the stylized, confining vocabulary of ballet, which had been worked out largely as a series of infinite variations on two basic motions, the walk and the bow. To Graham, any human movement was a dancer's possibility, the fall to the floor no less than the leap into the air. She brought the alphabet forward from A and B all the way to Z. She emerged when Sigmund Freud was a major cultural hero. Partly as a result of his influence, she developed a symbolism that replaced ballet's traditional boy-meets-girl, boy-throws-girl-into-air narrative forms with an infinity of experience, overt and implied.

Expanding Language. No choreographer alive has a greater number of disciples. Many of them, though, resist the Graham method of constructing thematic works. Her sometime student Paul Taylor, for example, holds onto the taut angularity of the Graham movement but works it into dances that bypass her symbol-ridden style, and favors more abstract, plotless design-pieces. Graham herself, however, finds new possibilities in the old forms while still restlessly reaching out to expand her own language. This season's new work, *The Archaic Hours*, involves such familiar Graham themes as the immutability of human experience, racial memories and archetypal figures, while drawing heavily on a style of movement not extensively explored by her in the past—the stiff-legged, ritualistic fierceness of ancient Japanese and Javanese drama.

Martha Graham the dancer was once the best exemplar of Martha Graham the choreographer. This is no longer true, and some sentimental fans would prefer that she retire to the sidelines. Nonetheless, she still appears on an average of once per program, carefully choosing her roles to conserve her waning energy. The legs no longer can do precisely what the mind commands, but only death will still her commanding presence—a living monument to a revolution in dance.

ART

THE MARKET

Among the Missing

For some reason that neither parlor detectives nor cocktail-party psychiatrists have been able to decipher, Britain is experiencing an esthetic crime wave this year. About \$2,424,000 worth of paintings and sculpture have been removed from the homes of collectors. Last week's victim was Sir Roland Penrose, chairman of the Institute for Contemporary Arts, friend and biographer of Pablo Picasso. While Penrose was



PICASSO'S "WOMAN WEeping"
No subrosa ransom.

away, burglars broke into his London home, removed 25 paintings with an estimated value of \$720,000. The prize was Picasso's 1937 *Woman Weeping*.

Well-known works such as Penrose's are difficult for a gang to sell locally. However, insurance companies, who will have to pay for the stolen paintings, usually offer small "rewards" for information leading to their recovery—and no questions asked. Police can never prove that a deal has been made—but they are no longer surprised by anonymous tips telling them to look for the paintings behind some garage and finding them unharmed. Penrose has told his insurance company he will brook no subrosa ransoms, even though his paintings were insured for only \$180,000. "It's the same as the kidnapping of a child," he says. "By making a deal, you are just encouraging other kidnapers."

PAINTING

Bold Emblems

For roughly a decade, the works of a slight, wiry, North Carolina-born painter named Kenneth Noland, 45, have been vehemently praised and just as savagely dissected in art magazines, while remaining relatively unappreciated by the general museumgoing public. The reason is that Noland's paintings, from

the time he first began to attract attention with his "target" canvases of 1957, have remained icily symmetrical, uncompromisingly abstract, and thus seemingly impersonal. The debate has raged over whether (as his foes charged) they are merely decorative, or whether (as his friends claimed) they are simply so difficult that most people do not bother to grapple with them.

In the past few years, however, Noland's reputation seems to have widened amazingly. His latest work, marked by a softer, subtler spectrum of colors, and currently on view at Manhattan's Lawrence Rubin Gallery, is so much in demand that the gallery is charging up to \$28,500 per painting. The artist himself and his svelte wife Stephanie can afford to divide their time between a farm in Vermont and Manhattan, where he recently bought and is renovating a flophouse on the Bowery. Noland's style has been studied and imitated by fellow artists from Rome to British Columbia. Advertisements are apt to blossom with his latest hues a season after he unveils them, because Madison Avenue's art directors haunt the 57th Street galleries for fresh ideas.

Freeing Color. To hear the artist tell it, the most interesting thing about his painting is the way in which it "liberates color." The son of a pathologist, he was educated at Black Mountain College, where he studied under another symphonist of structured color, Josef Albers. He became disenchanted with the way in which second-generation Abstract Expressionists were covering their canvases with empty, bombastic gestures. The trouble, he decided, was that they were using their brushes to draw, and "drawing contains assumptions of what you are painting about. It has to do with identifying things, with graphic representation."

Noland did not want to identify anything, or to represent anything. His aim was to strip away the bonds of drawing and free himself to explore "the infinite range and expressive possibilities of color." To do this, he laid a 6-ft. square of canvas on the floor and walked around it until he lost track of its top and bottom. He decided that the "most neutral" place to start from was its center, and proceeded to pour, stain and swab paint in concentric circles outward. Noland played with half a dozen colors in such target paintings, devising hundreds of dashing combinations. He moved on to chevrons, then to diamond-shaped canvases. Since 1967, he has been painting majestically flowing, horizontally striped rectangles that enable him to orchestrate as many as 30 different shades at a time.

Developing Insight. Geometric painters are a dime a dozen these days. But few of them command the critical respect or the youthful following that Noland inspires. One obvious difference, for anyone who has seen a Noland paint-

ing, is that he somehow imparts through his brush, his sponges and his rollers a zest and vigor, a freshness and exuberance that other geometricists lack. As he analyzes it, the impression derives from his own deeply felt delight in the act of painting and his evolving style. In human relationships, Noland will explain with an engaging leer, "you're involved with someone as long as something is developing, changing or insightful. Painting is the same way."

Moreover, Noland's supposedly impersonal canvases are vividly imbued with a dozen remarkably personal characteristics—pride, imposed logic, arrogance, grace, wit, independence and inner tension. Noland conveys these qualities, not deliberately but intuitively. In such works as *Vista* or *Via Glean*, which to the superficial casual viewer may look like mattress ticking, his pride is made manifest through their towering dimensions. These 5-ft. by 12-ft. canvases surround and subdue the viewer with their commanding presence. The artist's grace and bravado show up in the audacious ease with which he lays together subtly different, visually demanding colors. *Vista* elegantly challenges the viewer to contemplate the precise dif-



NOLAND & WIFE
Nothing to represent anything.

ferences between more than a dozen shades of pink.

Via Glean is a stately, classical sinfonietta that can be read—rather like a simplified musical score—from top to bottom. It opens with a four-note theme of palest yellows made of three narrow stripes and followed by a wider one—much like the "V for Victory" opening of Beethoven's *Fifth*. However, Noland's sprightlier pastoral modulates into a green andante, followed by an adagio of consilid white, a reprise of mint, and a coda built around a bland band of airy, spring-sky blue.

Taken together, his paintings are bold emblems of a man resolute to explore a new avenue to visual satisfaction.



LAWRENCE RUBIN GALLERY

In "Vista," an overwhelming (5 ft. by 12 ft.) canvas, Kenneth Noland shows his subtle 1969 colors.

NOLAND: THE SPECTRUM IS THE MESSAGE

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THE LAW

LAWYERS

Ardent Courtships

As a Rhodes scholar, a graduate of Yale Law School ('68) and a Negro, Attorney Stanley Sanders is a prime target for recruiters from the nation's most eminent law firms. No fewer than four of them have been courting him for months, and none more assiduously than Wyman-Kuchel, the California firm of former Republican Senator Thomas Kuchel. Last week Senior Partner Eugene Wyman himself squired Sanders to lunch at The Bistro, a modish Beverly Hills restaurant. They had hardly looked at the menu when some of Wyman-Kuchel's more or less celebrated clients just happened to stop by the table for a drink. Before finishing a main course of broiled breaded crab legs, Sanders had a chance to chat with Comedian Milton Berle, as well as Actresses Jill St. John and Janet Leigh.

Wyman's firm, which needs 15 new lawyers this year, is finding men of Sanders' caliber increasingly difficult to hire. So are many other large, well-established firms. Money is not the problem. Like many of his contemporaries, Sanders is more interested in *pro bono publico* service; in his case, that means working full-time (or a Ford Foundation project that brings lawyers' services to the poor in the Watts ghetto).

Generous Offers. Firms in New York are paying their new attorneys as much as \$15,000 to start, and the rate in other cities is not far below. But growing numbers of the nation's brightest law students are ignoring such generous offers and instead are choosing to teach, clerk for a judge, take a fellowship for further study, or work in a poverty program. Some are drawn to such work because it offers a better chance of escaping the draft. But many are motivated by a genuine desire to help others. The fact that increasing numbers of senior partners are inclined to look on a year-long clerkship or work in a poverty program as excellent training is further encouragement to men who want to wait a while before deciding where to settle down.

None of the nine graduating officers of the *Michigan Law Review*, who are among the top students in their class, plan to plunge directly into practice next year. Only three of the 34 senior members of the *Harvard Law Review* are starting work with law firms. Of the rest, 19 have accepted clerkships, which are easier to find this year because each federal judge is now allowed two clerks instead of one. At Yale, six of the 36 graduating members of the *Law Journal* hope to get a Ford Foundation grant to study a wide-open field: the legal problems of environmental pollution.

To those law firms accustomed to having their pick of the graduating elite,

the shortage of new recruits is a very serious concern, to say nothing of a blow to their pride. A large firm in Manhattan reports that only one-third of the students to whom it offered jobs in the past two years ultimately accepted them (v. about one-half in previous years). Wyman-Kuchel has found that many A students do not even bother to show up for campus interviews any more. Says Wyman: "Sometimes our recruiters come back and say, 'We didn't even see the top men because they weren't interested.'"

Raising Hell. To revive interest, some firms have been forced to provide more outlets for the idealism of the young. Davis, Polk & Wardwell, as well as other well-established Manhattan firms, coop-



WYMAN, SANDERS, ST. JOHN & BERLE AT THE BISTRO
More outlets to revive the interest.

erate in programs whereby their junior staff members work one night a week at Legal Aid Society offices in ghetto neighborhoods. The young lawyers are allowed to take the firm's time during the day to handle the cases of the poor who seek their services at night. Going one step farther, a Baltimore firm—Piper & Marbury—plans to open its own office in the city's ghetto next autumn.

Ghetto projects are not universally popular with senior partners. "A few of the lawyers fritter their time away on something that makes no sense," complains Hammond Chaffetz, a partner in a big Chicago firm. "They get into some hair-raising projects, some way-out kind of thing, just to raise hell." As long as the best students continue to go elsewhere in their first years out of school, however, firms like Chaffetz's will have to offer opportunities for rewarding social service. For just that reason, Wyman-Kuchel not only treated Stan Sanders to some Hollywood glamour and an expensive meal last week

but also offered to open an office in Watts that would enable him to provide free legal services to the poor. The pitch proved persuasive. A little more than an hour after leaving The Bistro, Sanders gave in and agreed to go to work for the firm.

THE SUPREME COURT

Slide Rule for Legislators

Since the Supreme Court began handing down its series of one-man, one-vote decisions, it has insisted that the ideal must be approached "as nearly as practicable." How near is that? At first some politicians and lawyers figured that a population difference of 15% or so between the largest and smallest districts in a state would prove satisfactory. Last week, however, the court made it clear that even far smaller variations may be

unacceptable. So strict was the standard applied by the court that it may eventually necessitate reapportioning the districts of virtually every elected official, from Congressman to city councilman.

Up for consideration were the most recent reapportionments of congressional districts in Missouri and New York. In an effort to satisfy court requirements, Missouri had staked out districts with populations that varied from one another by only 6%. New York had achieved a maximum spread of 14%. By a 6-3 vote, the court found both efforts unsatisfactory.

Strait Path. The one-man, one-vote principle, wrote Justice William Brennan for the majority, requires that the state "make a good-faith effort to achieve precise mathematical equality" and "must justify each variance, no matter how small." Brennan added: "We can see no non-arbitrary way to pick a cutoff point" at which population variances become too small to matter.

The three dissenters described the new



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rule as unrealistically rigid. "Strait indeed is the path of the righteous legislator," wrote Justice John Harlan wryly. "Slide rule in hand, he must avoid all thought of county lines, local traditions, politics, history and economics, so as to achieve the magic formula: one man, one vote." Justice Abe Fortas tended to agree, but he nonetheless concurred in these cases because neither state had made a sufficient "good-faith effort."

The difficulty of achieving the court's ideal is obvious. At least 30 states still have population discrepancies from district to district that are greater than Missouri's. Even in states where the variations are smaller, Congressmen—and officials at the state and local levels as well—may find their districts under reapportionment attack before the 1970 census.

Home Movies

The federal and state agents who entered the Atlanta home of Robert Eli Stanley in 1967 to search for proof of suspected bookmaking failed to unearth any evidence of gambling. But they did find three reels of film that, as they later testified, depicted "successive orgies of seduction, sodomy and sexual intercourse." Stanley was convicted under a Georgia law that forbids possession of obscene material, and sentenced to a year in prison. Last week, in a decision that reversed Stanley's conviction, the Supreme Court ruled that no matter how obscene his movies might have been, he had every right to view them in his own home.

In a separate opinion, three Justices—Potter Stewart, Byron White and William Brennan—noted that because the agents' warrant authorized them to confiscate only gambling equipment, Stanley had also been the victim of an illegal search. The rest of the court, in an opinion written by Justice Thurgood Marshall, struck down Stanley's conviction for other, broader reasons. The constitutional right to "receive information and ideas," wrote Marshall, takes on an "added dimension" in the privacy of a man's home. "If the First Amendment means anything," Marshall continued, "it means that a state has no business telling a man, sitting alone in his own house, what books he may read or what films he may watch. Our whole constitutional heritage rebels at the thought of giving Government the power to control men's minds."

Marshall took pains to point out that the decision does not impair the court's previous rulings, which permit restrictions on publishers and sellers of obscene material. "The states," said Marshall, "retain broad power to regulate obscenity." That being the case, the new ruling creates an anomalous situation. "It says," complained District Attorney Lewis Slaton of Atlanta's Fulton County, "that a person has a right to possess obscene material which is illegal to sell."

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BEHAVIOR

Decision Theory: Guide to Choice-Making

TO beleaguered man, life is an uphill obstacle course. Between the cradle and the grave stretches an endless multitude of problems, every one of which cries out for decision. At what moment is it safe for the pedestrian to challenge the hazards of wheeled traffic? If a picnic is scheduled for tomorrow, what are the odds against rain? By what mysterious standards does a man pick a friend, a pastime, a profession or a wife?

More often than not, human intelligence seeks to resolve these and a host of similar riddles by intuition alone. And intuition makes an excellent guide. But it is the cardinal premise of a division of social science called decision theory that intuition is often not enough. Decision theory is based on the premise that man's capacity to solve life's problems correctly is limited by two factors: in extremely complex situations, he is not always capable of mastering all the information, and he does not always decide as logic and reason tell him he should. Beyond human intuition, says Psychologist Ward Edwards, lies an individual's personal calculation of the odds in favor or against. This personal factor, which measures the individual's will to win rather than the mathematical probabilities, must be counted into the risk and the odds.

Money Game. Edwards, 42, is head of the University of Michigan's Engineering Psychology Laboratory. Since last July, he has been operating an ingenious gambling experiment called "Stakes & Odds" at the Four Queens Hotel in Las Vegas. With the full encouragement of the house and the Nevada State Gaming Commission, a computer has recorded the decision-making patterns of some 250 volunteers. The game that they are asked to play (with real money) has two parts: in the first, a player must select two bets, one good and one bad, from four that are offered him; in the second, he has the option to keep or get rid of a bet, depending upon how he judges its value to him.

From the computer's carefully recorded data, Edwards has learned that people on the whole make remarkably rational decisions. Nevertheless, more than a third of the participants become befogged by superstitions, biases and logical incoherences. Most people, for example, regard an event as more likely to occur if they stand to lose by its occurrence rather than gain by it. Also, they tend to inflate the value of the money they stand to win—that is, a \$10 bet means more to them emotionally than five \$2 bets.

Unaffected by such emotional factors, a computer does better at the game than people do—which does not mean

that decision theorists have contempt for man. In fact, Edwards has a profound respect for the logical abilities of the human mind. One of the inexplicable wonders of life is that a normal man can, with almost ridiculous ease, solve in an instant problems of theoretically great complexity. Take for example, ticktacktoe. Theoretically, in five moves alone this childishly simple game can be played 15,120 different ways. Nonetheless, man easily cuts his way through these impenetrable thickets of choice to make X's and O's in the right combinations in order to win.

It is an obvious fact that life is not

strategy is to lose no more than necessary, decision theory argues that the human contestant ought to be moved to win all he possibly can.

Game theory posits opponents of equal intelligence and craftiness, while decision theory accepts individual variation and unpredictability—including human failure to calculate risks in a logical manner. It is now known that in many situations the human subject will consistently undervalue the probabilities. In one war-problem experiment at Michigan, Psychologist Edwards carefully loaded the odds against peace at 99 to 1. His subjects, consulting the evidence, intuitively set the odds at less than 5 to 1. This human conservatism toward risk, repeatedly confirmed in the laboratory, has led decision theorists to reliance on a mathematical principle known as Bayes' theorem. Formulated



GAMBLERS PLAYING "STAKES & ODDS"
The computer knows the way.

as simple as a game of ticktacktoe, and in more complex situations man, despite the powers of his intellect, all too frequently makes mistakes. For many years, science has been grappling with the problem of how to assist man in coping with the vagaries of choice. One of the best-known of these efforts is the "theory of games" evolved by Mathematician John von Neumann and Economist Oskar Morgenstern in 1944, which attempts to translate human decision-making into pure mathematics.

Decision theory goes one step further by trying to accommodate the elusive factors of chance and human inconsistency. One of the basic principles is the distinction between value and utility—the difference in zeal, for instance, with which a rich man and a poor man will chase a windblown dollar. Like game theory, decision theory accepts human rationality. Unlike game theory, which holds that the optimal

by Thomas Bayes, an 18th century British cleric, it states how probabilities, or opinions about how likely an event is to occur, ought to be appraised in the light of new information. In effect, the decision theorists propose that while man can rationally reach conclusions from an original set of circumstances, he tends to cling stubbornly to these conclusions even if they are contradicted by subsequent evidence.

In an increasingly complex world, this conservative attitude toward new facts may well have significant impact on the decisions that affect human survival. Edwards cites the hypothetical example of a U.S. general digesting information from American intelligence in Europe: The general learns that Soviet troops in unprecedented number have crossed the East German border. An agent reports the boast of a Russian colonel, drunk in a Berlin *Bierstube*, that Chancellor Kiesinger has only

a month to live. From Black Sea stations, Russian submarines move out in unfamiliar formations. The U.S. general must decide in a very short time whether these ominous data require a response—and, if so, what sort of response.

Decision theorists would argue that the general ought to pool judgment to the unemotional logic of the computer. Why? To begin with, a computer is better able to assimilate a great many variables, such as a drunken indiscretion and the movement of troops, to weigh them rapidly and to come up with a statement of mathematical probability, taking them all into account. Human judgment, faced with the same variables in a highly charged and fluid situation, simply cannot equal the machine's precise and unbiased capacity to calculate the probabilities and odds.

At a more ordinary level, the human with \$40,000 to spend on a house wagers that sum on the real estate market. He has little idea what it will buy him, but he has already decided what he wants. He usually underestimates such changing influences on the price as the locale, the season and even the necessities of the individual house seller. This is the kind of judgment that, in Ward Edwards' opinion, the computer can make better than man.

No Heart. But there are other kinds of situations. A father teaching his son how to play chess will throw game after game to his opponent rather than discourage an apprentice skill. This is obviously not a probability decision. The computer can tell the father how to win. It might even tell him that letting the son win will help the boy learn only up to a point, and then achieve the opposite results. But it can scarcely tell him how important it might be to show love by throwing a game. Such considerations go beyond logic and probability.

Because he is an incorrigible humanist, Edwards does not foresee the day when man will entirely yield decision-making to the machine. But he is certain that together they would make a good team. "What is crucially human in decision-making is the evaluation process," he says. "Once the human being has assigned the values, the task of making the best decisions—that is, of computing man's own values in the most efficient way—is merely computational in nature and is best left to the machine." He is convinced, for instance, that a computer, swallowing data from a physician, would come up with a better clinical diagnosis than the doctor.

If there are defects in decision theory, one of them may be in nominating the computer to be more than it is: an adjunct of human intelligence. Whatever rudimentary reason a machine possesses is owed entirely to its creator and cannot exceed it. To propose that the builder pass judgment to his artifact is in itself an act of risk-taking—and scarcely any of the probabilities have been calculated.

Proven on the 1968 Tour, new Titleist is ballistically redesigned to travel farther. Exclusive K2A construction makes you a longer hitter when you play new Titleist. Take one for a test drive and see how we've improved your game over the winter. Sold thru golf course pro shops only.



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**new
Titleist
has
improved
your
game
over the
winter.**

Great moments in mailing history:



1949

The Pitney-Bowes DM is introduced.



1969

The Friden Mini Meter is introduced.

Twenty years ago when our competitor introduced the first small postage meter, it made life easier for small volume mailers everywhere. That meter helped modernize mailing procedures.

Now Singer's Friden Division has modernized the small-office meter.

Our Friden® 9200 Mini Meter is new. So naturally it has today's features. Like enough capacity for today's postal rates. Up to \$999.99 worth of postage. Ten times more than the older machine.

That means fewer trips to the post office. Especially during peak mailing periods. And the Mini Meter prints postage in all amounts from 1¢ to 20¢ plus \$1.00. (The original meter still only goes to 20¢.)

So packages, C.O.D.'s, and registered letters get out easier.

Our meter is quieter, too. Only half the noise of the older meter. (We've measured the decibels.)

We also got rid of the messy old-fashioned ink pad. It's been replaced by an inking roller that's actually made of ink. And you change it only once a year.

Yet for all our advantages, the monthly rental for their meter and our meter is exactly the same: \$7.50. Our meter costs you nothing for "installation." The other one costs you \$25.

Like a demonstration? Just call your nearest Friden office. Or write Friden Division, The Singer Company, San Leandro, Calif. 94577.

SINGER
FRIDEN DIVISION

Friden Postage Meters. One way Singer helps speed the mail.

MILESTONES

Divorced. Dick Smothers, 30, the curly-haired brother with the mustache and straight lines; by Linda Ann Smothers, 30; on grounds of mental cruelty (said she: "He made it quite obvious he didn't want me around"); after nine years of marriage, three children; in Santa Monica, Calif. (see TELEVISION).

Died. Eduard Strauss, 59, grand-nephew of Composer Johann Jr. and last direct descendant of the Strauss musical dynasty; of a lung embolism; in Vienna. Strauss began his career as an instructor at the Vienna City Conservatorium, later became a roving guest conductor specializing in the interpretation of his great-uncle's waltz compositions. He often conducted the London Philharmonic's annual Strauss concert, and made several world tours with Vienna's Johann Strauss Orchestra, an ensemble he helped to found.

Died. Harley Earl, 75, General Motors auto designer from 1927 to 1958, who pioneered the splashy styles that have become Detroit's hallmark; of a stroke; in West Palm Beach, Fla. The son of a Los Angeles carriage maker, Earl started custom-designing cars for movie stars in the early 1920s, then went to G.M. as chief of its newly created art and color department. He soon convinced company brass that the U.S. public had a yen for rakish lines and bold color, designed the soaring Cadillac tail fins, eliminated running boards and strapped-on spare tires from G.M. cars, and originated the built-in trunk. "My primary purpose has been to lengthen and lower the American automobile," he once said. "A greyhound is more graceful than a bulldog."

Died. Chang Chih-chung, 78, Chinese soldier-statesman who in 1949 rocked the tottering Nationalist regime by defecting to the Communists; after a long illness; in Peking. After a brilliant career as a Kuomintang official, Chang was named military governor of Sinkiang province in 1946, as well as chief negotiator in the on-and-off truce talks with the Communists. When the talks got nowhere and Communist strength grew steadily, Chang decided to join the winners and switched allegiance to Mao Tse-tung, who made him vice chairman of the National Defense Council.

Died. Henry Francis du Pont, 88, great-grandson of E. I. du Pont de Nemours, founder of Du Pont, who became a director in the family's vast chemical firm in 1915, established the Du Pont Winterthur Museum near Wilmington, filled it more than 100 period rooms with a rich collection of Early American furniture and ornaments and, in 1961, was appointed chairman of the Fine Arts Committee for the White House; of cancer; at Winterthur, Del.



The film, *Making a Sound Decision*, was produced for Reuter Organ Company, Lawrence, Kansas, by Centron Corporation, Lawrence, Kansas.

When you have to convince a committee, your clincher could be a movie

When you face a committee, too many things can get in the way of your being heard. If your story is detailed, technical, difficult to absorb and report on, even an attentive committee has trouble evaluating it.

But a movie can get you over these hurdles.

This is the situation facing the Reuter Organ Company—with one additional complication: they sell a product before it even hits the drawing board.

The Reuter film gives church organ committees, or the whole congregation, a full report on Reuter's ability to design, build, install, and fine-tune a quality pipe organ. The film is doing its job.

Every print has sold one or two organs.

In the dark, every eye is on the screen. Every ear is intent on your message.

And that message has been shaped and honed to a polished delivery few speakers can hope to achieve extemporaneously.

Instead of having to write a report, the committee can invite all interested parties to see and hear the identical message. Complete. Presented as only a movie can do it.

A good movie can be a magnificent budget stretcher. It can cost far less than a single insertion in a general magazine. You can pick your audience and

get a precision fix on the minds that decide your proposition. The right kind of movie could help satisfy television's insatiable appetite for free program material and expose your message to millions of viewers.

To learn how little a movie might cost, and how to go about getting all the audience you want, talk with a motion picture producer. Our booklet, *Movies Move People*, can help, too. Write for a free copy.

Motion Picture and Education
Markets Division
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N.Y. 14650

Kodak

ON FLYING MORE AND ENJOYING IT LESS

*For I dipp'd into the future, far as human eye could
see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales . . .*

—Tennyson, *Locksley Hall*

HOW gloriously easy the vision of air transport seemed to the Victorians! And for a while, how reassuringly true it turned out to be! For years now, those "argosies of magic sails" have been gliding in and out of airports as if flight were as natural to man as walking.

Yet the sense of swift ease and mastery of this wonder is swiftly disintegrating. And the heart of the problem, as every airplane passenger knows, is on the ground. Airlines have perfected the art of getting from A to Z, while ignoring the place where all flights begin and end—the airport. Ideally, an airport is a conduit, a place to leave; in reality, it has become a gigantic waiting room, where exasperations multiply like chewing-gum wrappers and cigarette butts on the floor. One woe is the need for a great trek, first as much as three-quarters of a mile from parking lot to terminal, then on to the departure gate through hundreds of yards of echoing, aseptic corridors. Another is the need to stand in line: passengers must queue up to check in, make phone calls, grab a bite to eat, use the toilet, claim baggage, hail a cab. The whole airport experience sometimes becomes such an ordeal that just to enter the airplane is itself a relief.

But even there, delay and confusion continue. "Elephant lines" of as many as 25 planes often wait on runways to take off. A jet may circle for literally hours—hoping for clearance to land. In short, air travel, the great success symbol of 20th century man's conquest of space and time, is on the verge of becoming—like railways, highways, traffic and smog, a fit subject for bad jokes by stand-up comics. (Sample: "There really were three Wright brothers, but one is still stacked up over O'Hare.")

Airport congestion will soon be compounded by new "superjets" like Boeing's 460-passenger 747. By carrying more people, jumbos should reduce the total number of planes in the air. But on the ground, they will disgorge as many suitcases and passengers as three planes do now—and all at once. Says Najeeb Halaby, former administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency and now president of Pan American airlines: "There will probably be only one airport in the world ready for the superjets, and only one parking lot, only one set of highways. And," he adds, "they are *not* all at the same airport."

An Overdose of Success

Through an infinitely complicated mechanism, 135 million passengers were ticketed last year, encased in pressurized aluminum cabins, hurled aloft by 50,000 lbs. of jet-engine thrust, comforted with rough California wine and bland Iowa steak. From the moment a plane takes off, it must be watched, first by radar at air-route traffic control centers, then by approach controllers, who assign the ship to a runway or stack it in a holding pattern. The trip costs the passenger about 5.6¢ per mile.

Congestion turns this miracle of organization and technology into a minatory monster. It devalues air transport's most salable commodities: speed and reliability. It increases hazard; more than 100 near-collisions of commercial planes take place every month. Yet the greatest costs may be social. It is the general public which pays

for traffic jams on the highway between airport and city. How is public loss of time and impatience with noise and air pollution to be compensated for?

Despite all obstacles, the growth of air traffic shows no sign of slackening. Ninety-seven percent of the world population has yet to fly. But 45% of U.S. adults have done so at least once, and seductive ads are luring in more and more each year. In the U.S., the volume both of air travelers and freight doubles every six years. Today the civilian air fleet consists of some 2,400 airliners and 112,000 private planes, from tiny Piper Cubs to swift corporate jets. By 1975, the fleet will increase to at least 3,480 jetliners and an overwhelming 170,000 general aviation craft. Can the airways hold them?

Not under the present air-traffic control system, designed in pre-jet days, which not even FAA's \$200 million purchase of electronic equipment has succeeded in modernizing. One problem is crowded radio communications which can create dangerous misunderstandings between pilots and controllers. In addition, most airports lack automated landing systems that would permit denser traffic with less danger. As a result, huge "blocks" of airspace are allocated to each plane, limiting the number of planes in any given area and increasing delays.

"Horizontal Elevators"

Only 19,000 air-traffic controllers—20% too few even for present needs—guide the proliferating flocks of planes. Each can monitor only a few aircraft at a time. Despite their life-and-death responsibilities, the controllers earn a maximum \$22,178 a year, compared with as much as \$65,000 for airline captains. At work, they cannot afford a single mistake. In one dramatic—and symptomatic—incident, a controller who watched a mid-air collision over Maryland on the radar screen later committed suicide. But a number of others show signs of breaking down under the stress of the job.

Most obvious shortage of all is in "concrete"—the industry name for runways, terminals, towers. The U.S. has about 10,000 airports, but 70% of them are just grassy strips. Only 535 are served by scheduled airlines; and of these, a mere 189 have instrument-landing systems. Only 118—the biggest and most congested—use radar.

Theoretically, when an airport's capacity is reached, it should easily be enlargable. But expanding an airport's facilities is like feeding pigeons: no sooner is demand satisfied than new flights start to arrive and the cycle begins anew. Airlines take great pains to avoid selling the same seat on a flight to two different passengers, yet think nothing of scheduling several peak-hour departures for precisely the same runway and moment.

There is the prospect of change on the horizon. Some cities—most notably Atlanta, Houston, Miami, Tampa and Dallas-Fort Worth—are now spending millions to create jet-age airports. At Tampa, for instance, travelers will park their cars in the terminal, then be whisked by "horizontal elevator" to departure gates. At other new terminals, cars or buses will drop passengers within 600 feet of the gate. Most radical and sensible of all is Los Angeles' plan to carry people via a subterranean transit system to planes on the runway and ready for takeoff.

Alas, new airports produce as much resistance as relief. Most people would rather have an ARM site in their backyard than the constant thunder and stench of a big jetport. Austin Tobin, executive director of the Port of New York Authority, has fought for a fourth New York jetport for almost ten years. "Can we balance the rights of the many against the rights of the few?" he asks. So

far, minority rule has won the day, but now something must give.

As so often happens these days, the first step toward reform has turned out to be the shock of failure. Last summer planes were stacked up for hours every day over the "Golden Triangle" airports bounded by New York, Washington and Chicago. Every separate aviation group (each served by its own persuasive lobby in Washington) had its favorite scapegoat. Private pilots blamed the airlines for overscheduling. Airline pilots blamed private aviation for taking up scarce runway space. The air-traffic controllers blamed FAA for not providing enough trained men or electronic equipment. FAA sighed and passed the blame along to Congress for not appropriating enough money. A bill that would have pumped \$3 billion into airways and ground facilities never got out of committee.

Even so, the buck-passing generated a market for solutions. Both Eastern and American airlines are developing short takeoff and landing (STOL) aircraft capable of carrying some 100 passengers at 400 m.p.h. on short hops between cities. Out of the Viet Nam war may come new kinds of helicopters, combining rotors and fixed wings. Many cities are discussing an old but excellent idea: expanding small existing airports in order to lure private planes away from big congested jetports.

Better safety devices are being tested. One is a radio transmitter and a device that sets off an alarm when two planes are on collision course. It instructs one pilot to fly up, the other down. To relieve overburdened controllers, the FAA has begun to install computerized radar control systems at a few airports: these automatically print out aircraft identification, altitude and speed.

But all this will take time—and something must be done to avoid another great stack-up this summer. In reluctant response, the Federal Government, starting June 1, will assign hourly quotas for arriving and departing flights at the Golden Triangle airports. This should help divert more private aircraft to small airports, and perhaps persuade airlines to start cutting their peak-hour flights—a decision they should make voluntarily.

Room at the Top

Fortunately, money is starting to pour into the airports. According to the Air Transport Association, 18 airlines will spend \$1.5 billion on new airport facilities between now and 1972, another \$1 billion by 1976. The airlines have also agreed, albeit without joy, to legislation that would establish a federal Airports/Airways Trust Fund similar to the Highway Trust Fund. Airway users would—very properly—be charged. Taxes on passenger tickets and cargo waybills would also increase.

Under the proposed laws, about \$1 billion would be spent on things that every prophet in aviation has been crying for. The number and size of feeder and hub airports would be expanded. The facilities and manpower of the air-traffic control system would be increased, with many controllers' functions automated in the process. As a result,

air traffic would be packed more closely—but would move faster and more safely than ever before.

The architects of the "Air Traffic Congestion Relief Act of 1969" intend to impose stern method on the spending. They would require every state to set up a planning agency for airports and would empower the Civil Aeronautics Board to regulate airlines' schedules. In other words, if Congress passes the act, an ambitious and overdue program of catching up with well-defined needs will start. But is such a catch-up program a real solution?

Unless Washington goes further, even improved air transport systems will soon be outmoded. State planning bodies will undeniably unsnarl some of the overlapping, bickering jurisdictions. But what aviation needs most is precisely what it has received least of—a national perspective on a national problem. To get it, the Department of Transportation (DOT) should establish a permanent National Planning and Coordinating Division.

Toward Transport Integration

Surprisingly, many members of the aviation industry agree on the need for governmental control. Intensely competitive aviation leaders see that their ability to come up with a good product and sell it is being sabotaged on the ground. "For the first time in our history," says David S. Lewis, president of McDonnell Douglas, "we are inhibited by a systems problem." What is needed is a systems approach—a hard analysis of every factor bearing on airports, airways, air-traffic control, even the airframe industry. The new division's job would be to define the problems, weigh possible solutions, and pass along specific recommendations to DOT, Congress and business.

Equally urgent is the planning of a national, integrated transportation system. Most of the components exist: highways, railroads, waterways and airports. They have to be tied together, and efficiently coordinated. Big new airports should have runways specifically reserved for planes going to and coming from feeder airports. They should also connect with wide freeways, quick hydroplanes, efficient monorails and commuter railroad lines retubed with the public weal in mind.

At present, it takes too long to convert to commercial uses the technical achievements of the military, NASA, and the Space Technology Laboratory. A new DOT planning division might assume this function and quickly adapt to civil aviation, say, the Air Force's new portable 65-lb. instrument-landing system developed in Southeast Asia. Such equipment would increase the number of alternate fields easily available to a plane in trouble.

In short, a real planning effort would benefit and unify all transportation systems, but especially aviation. Without such firm national coordination, air travel is doomed to a succession of crises, each worse than the last. But why wait for the imperative of crisis? If all concerned, including the airlines, will only decide to act, the U.S. has both the means and the machinery necessary to attain the "magic" airborne ease of Tennyson's vision

PASSENGERS AWAITING LUGGAGE AT NEW YORK'S KENNEDY AIRPORT



BUSINESS

AIRLINES

Pacific Solutions

Only four days after he took office, President Richard Nixon joined one of the biggest and angriest dogfights in airline history. He abruptly canceled a December decision by Lyndon Johnson that had supposedly settled for good a four-year contest for the first new trans-Pacific air routes to be parceled out in 20 years. Johnson's awards, to six of 18 competing airlines, had left Washington seething with charges of high-altitude politicking and string pulling by "rainmakers," the cocktail-circuit term for former I.B.J. aides who had found lucrative jobs with some of the lines. Nixon promised a new decision "on the merits"; yet he too faced the problem of adjudicating the conflict on terms that would not invite similar charges of political favoritism.

Last week, at a surprise press conference held after the stock exchanges had closed for the weekend, the Nixon Administration deftly solved the quandary. First, the White House conceded that a study of the Johnson decision had turned up "no evidence of impropriety." On scrupulously economic grounds, the Nixon formula nevertheless sharply pared Johnson's largesse and excised entirely those awards that had fed the cries of cronyism.

Not everyone suffered cutbacks. TWA came out unscathed. It will be granted new runs to Hong Kong and Guam, linking with existing trans-Asian routes, and will thus become the U.S.'s second round-the-world carrier (after Pan Am). Flying Tiger's all-cargo service to Japan remained intact. The two established U.S. airlines in the Pacific, Pan Am and Northwest, came in for minor rejiggering. Pan Am lost a great-circle route to Tokyo from Seattle and Portland but kept a new run to Japan from New York. Nixon denied Northwest a great-circle route to Tokyo from California, but allowed its new central Pacific route to Japan through Hawaii to stand.

Conspicuous Losers. The big losers were Lyndon Johnson's most conspicuous winners. Houston-based Braniff, which has strong ties to the old Administration, lost a stopover in Mexico, although it retains several new runs to Hawaii which, as domestic routes, are not subject to presidential review. Under the Johnson decision, Los Angeles-based Continental Airlines stood to grow from the eleventh biggest U.S. trunk line into a sizable international carrier serving such South Pacific spots as Samoa, Australia and New Zealand. Continental's President Bob Six had served the previous Administration by providing extensive—if not always clearly defined—services in Southeast Asia. The line has at various times employed such Democratic stalwarts as Lloyd Hand, Pierre Salinger and Clark Clif-

ford's law firm. Nixon ordered all of Continental's awards canceled or deferred, partly on grounds that the CAB should authorize direct service to the South Pacific from points in the East and Midwest. That could open new horizons for financially ailing Eastern Air Lines, whose Pacific ambitions were endorsed by a CAB examiner but ignored by Johnson.

Nixon based his revisions on studies by Assistant Transportation Secretary Paul Cherington, a onetime Harvard professor, showing that CAB trans-Pacific traffic forecasts had run from 21% to 33% too high. A surfeit of U.S. airline traffic, goes the Administration's rationale, would only prompt reprisals from countries anxious to protect their own airlines. Were Japan Air Lines to suffer from increased U.S. competition, for example, Tokyo could well dun Washington for more flights to the U.S.

THE CONSUMER

Loaded Odds

Almost every service station along the highways these days looks like a miniature Las Vegas. Banners, billboards and other ballyhoo urge motorists to win big prizes by matching Dino Dollars, playing Tigerino, collecting Presidential Coins or joining in scores of other games. There is not a casino in the world with the gall to offer odds as long as those that are standard in service stations and supermarket "games of chance." The Federal Trade Commission, which two weeks ago concluded a two-year study of promotional lures, found that in one food-chain game that touted a 1-in-3 chance of winning, the

actual odds came out to 1 in 15,373. Generally, according to the FTC, a game addict stands 3.4 chances in 1,000 of winning a prize that is worth only an average of \$3.87. For those \$1,000-and-up jackpots, the odds stretch out to 1 in 1.2 million.

The odds may now be running out on the games themselves. The FTC has concluded that the games are prone to "manipulation and rigging," as any driver with a glove compartment full of useless tickets has long suspected. Typically, the major prizes are "seeded" at times and places where they will draw the most publicity. In Florida, the promotion manager of one oil company personally chose the two stations to receive winning tickets for the top prizes—two cars—and told dealers to issue them to a customer from a college or local company so that the good word would get around. The more popular the game, the deeper the gouging. Tickets went so fast in one game that the company had to put in a rush order for "200,000 additional losers."

Hard to Drop. The game producers are the big winners. Since Joseph Segel, founder of the four-year-old Franklin Mint, sold his Mr. President game to Shell for \$3.1 million last fall, the stock of his Pennsylvania firm has more than doubled in price and split 2-for-1. The dealers are among the games' most vigorous opponents. They find that the promotions are troublesome to handle, and almost impossible to drop if the oil companies flood the area with advertisements—as they often do. Increased gasoline sales do not always make up for the cost of all the gewgaws and gimmickry that dealers must buy from the oil companies. The prices are set high, so that the dealers will not be tempted to rip open all the envelopes and simply collect the winnings.



SEGEL WITH GAME COINS



VIRGINIA KNAUER

Casino is the name of this game.

The federal commission is divided on whether to forbid the games or to regulate them more stringently; it is expected to reach a decision next month.

The FTC investigation is symptomatic of Washington's widening concern for consumer protection. Beginning in 1966, a tide of *caveat vendor* legislation has covered auto safety, truth in packaging, truth in lending, the inspection of meat, poultry and the labeling of flammable clothing. Last week the Securities and Exchange Commission proposed some truth-in-naming rules for companies seeking to register new stock for sale to the public. Under the SEC's guidelines, stock issues with names that might mislead investors would be forbidden. Such linguistic legerdemain is becoming more and more frequent, the commission complained, particularly the use of such glamour words as "nuclear," "missile" and "electronics."

Needed Advocate. Altogether, more than 30 departments and agencies and some 260 federal programs are now involved in consumer protection. Although President Nixon has said little on the subject so far, he has disappointed consumer advocates by not naming Republican Mary Gardiner Jones, the leading consumer champion on the FTC, to replace Democrat Paul Rand Dixon as chairman. Last week, however, Nixon chose a new consumer assistant, and the reaction was almost entirely favorable. He picked Mrs. Virginia Knauer, 54, director of Pennsylvania's Bureau of Consumer Protection. A Republican stalwart, Mrs. Knauer probably could do without her new \$28,000-a-year salary. She and her husband, Attorney Wilhelm Knauer, 75, live in a large 19th century house with two servants—though she does her own shopping.

Mrs. Knauer, a grandmother, was responsible for fair-trade-practices legislation in Pennsylvania. Promising to concentrate on programs for poor, uneducated and elderly consumers, she said that she will "go popping into supermarkets or anywhere else where consumer interests are involved." That, presumably, means that Mrs. Knauer will also be a frequent visitor to gambling-oriented gas stations.

TRADE

Mission Impossible

One of the most delicate dilemmas confronting the Nixon Administration is that of reconciling its position as an advocate of free trade with the President's campaign pledge to cut down on textile imports. In an effort to redeem that promise, Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans flew to Europe last weekend for two weeks of talks with the U.S.'s major trading partners. Stans' goal is to persuade reluctant European countries to agree to voluntary quotas on their textile shipments to the U.S.

He faces a frosty reception. The President broached the subject during his February swing around Europe, and was



GILBERT

STANS

Facing a frosty reception.

firmly if politely rebuffed. Stans hopes to override European objections by invoking the all-too-likely prospect that Congress may impose compulsory—and much stiffer—textile-import controls in the absence of voluntary restrictions. As Stans warned before leaving Washington, "The task will not be easy." It may well prove impossible. But Stans insists that while "an expansionary trade policy is good for the U.S., it must not be at the price of dismantling one of our major industries."

Rising Deficits. Textile imports from countries that use American management methods and technology—but pay lower wages—are swamping the U.S. market. In 1961, the U.S. enjoyed a trade surplus of \$53.7 million in cotton, wool and synthetic fibers. Since then, deficits have increased steadily. Last year the imbalance climbed 60%, to \$807 million. Today 47% of all women's synthetic-fiber sweaters and 46% of all wool sweaters sold in the U.S. are manufactured abroad. One of every three men's all-wool suits is made from Japanese worsteds, and a quarter of men's shirts are imports.

Foreign competition is most severe in man-made-fiber textiles, the most rapidly growing segment of the industry since advancing technology gave the world wash-'n'-wear shirts and permanent-press pants. Although synthetics account for 54% of U.S. textile production, imports have swelled from \$59.7 million in 1961 to \$481 million last year. Cotton-textile imports, once a serious threat to U.S. producers, are regulated by a restraining agreement negotiated with 31 countries in 1961. Today they are of diminishing importance as more and more foreign textile makers switch to synthetics.

The import challenge poses a threat of serious economic and social dislocation in some areas of the U.S. Both industry and Government are worried about the fate of the textile industry's 2,400,000 workers, most of them comparatively unskilled and undereducated. Geographic concentration compounds the industry's troubles. Some 70% of its workers are in the South, chiefly in North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. Many mills are in one- or two-

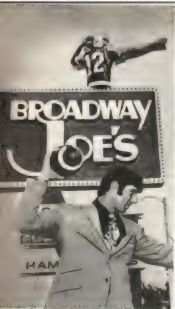


industry towns, some of which have already begun to feel the pinch. During the past two years, 89 firms in the knit-outerwear business alone have permanently closed their doors.

Enough for Both. On his European mission, Secretary Stans will be accompanied by Lawyer Carl Gilbert, 63, former Gillette Co. chairman whom President Nixon last week appointed his Special Representative for Trade Negotiations. Gilbert, a strong free-trade advocate, is chairman of the Committee for a National Trade Policy, a private group that opposes high tariffs and import quotas. His appointment ended speculation that the President might shift control over trade policy to the Commerce Department, a possibility that had dismayed a number of business, labor and farm groups.

Whether Stans or Gilbert will have the stronger voice in trade negotiations remains to be seen. Next month both men will fly to Japan, Taiwan, South Korea and Hong Kong to press the case for voluntary textile quotas. U.S. manufacturers consider those four the principal source of concern. Last year more than 62% of all synthetic-textile imports came from the Far East. Considering the precarious state of the overall U.S. trade surplus, which all but vanished in 1968, the nation faces enough problems to occupy both men.

As if to emphasize that fact, the Commerce Department last week warned that the nation's trade balance is unlikely to improve much over the next five years. Indeed, said Commerce's study, the balance may even slip into a deficit unless the Government takes stronger steps to boost exports.



JOE NAMATH



MINNIE PEARL



MICKEY MANTLE



HADDON SALT

FRANCHISING: NEW POWER FOR 500,000 SMALL BUSINESSMEN

THE garish profusion of hamburger stands, fruit-juice parlors, pancake emporia and muffler-repair shops stretches for ten miles along Ventura Boulevard in Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley. It could be called Franchise Row. Though hardly a landscape to captivate the eye, the phenomenon is increasingly common to cities and suburbs. Franchising—an arrangement by which local entrepreneurs lease their firm name, product and operating methods from large chains—has become one of the fastest-growing sectors of U.S. business. Through franchising, thousands of independent small businessmen have acquired improved techniques, new economic power and a greatly enhanced chance for survival.

The system thrives because it combines the incentive of personal ownership—the best good man has yet devised to spur hard work—with the managerial talents of big business. For a fee (average: 3.8% of receipts), the typical franchisee operative buys professional expertise he could otherwise scarcely afford—notably, cost controls, promotion and buying advice, and tested operating methods. The main advantage for the parent company is that franchising enables it to expand while putting up little of its own capital.

Spreading Ranks. With scores of new franchised outlets opening their doors every day, the industry has lately been expanding by about 15% a year. The nation's 500,000 franchise operators enjoy a \$90 billion-a-year business, accounting for 10% of the total U.S. output of goods and services and a remarkable 28% of retail sales.

Franchising's leading practitioners include Hertz car-rental agencies, Walgreen drugstores and Coca-Cola bottling plants, as well as thousands of gasoline stations and all new-auto dealers. In recent years, the ranks have been joined

by both Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward, which together have franchised 1,300 small-town catalogue-order outlets. Franchising has spread to businesses as disparate as art galleries, nursing homes, dating bars, travel agencies, shoe-repair shops, lawnmower-sharpening services and dental-technician schools. There is even a franchised diet service (Weight Watchers, Inc.) and a franchised system for correcting nocturnal bed-wetting (Enurton Co.). Recently, the fastest growth has been concentrated in the quick-service food field. It includes such enterprises as the 93-outlet H. Salt, Esq. Fish & Chips operation—whose founder, Haddon Salt, brought the idea from England in 1964—and the 110-outlet hot-dog-and-beer operation called Frank 'n' Stein.

Franchisers have lately been reaching for other names as well. Country Singer Roger Miller is developing a string of King of the Road motels; Racing Driver A. J. Foyt is starting a franchised auto-repair operation. Television's Johnny Carson heads a new chain of restaurants called "Here's Johnny's." Now retired from baseball, Mickey Mantle devotes his time to myriad business interests, including a chain of franchised "country cookin'" restaurants. New York Jets Quarterback Joe Namath is chairman of a restaurant venture called Broadway Joe's that brought out a public stock issue this month even though it has opened only one outlet. Despite what he called "a rough night" at his Manhattan bar, Namath made a ceremonial 11 a.m. appearance at Chemical Bank New York Trust Co. to accept a \$1,800,000 check for the underwriting proceeds. His own 145,000 shares in the venture have a paper value of \$2,000,000.

Super Joe is only the latest promoter to discover the potential for instant riches in the stock market. Ponderosa System Inc., a successful Ohio-

based steak-house chain, floated a public offering in February. Overnight, the 205,025-share holding of President W. James Kirst, which originally cost him \$252,432, leaped in value to \$5,125,625. Before Minnie Pearl's Chicken System—named after a star of Nashville's *Grand Ole Opry*—made a public offering last spring, directors and officers bought nearly 1,000,000 shares at 50¢ each. Grandly renamed Performance Systems, Inc., the chain has sold some 1,200 chicken franchises, is branching into transmission-repair services and child-care centers. Following a three-for-one split, the current stock price of \$17.50 makes the management's original \$500,000 stake worth about \$50 million.

Applied to Anything. Franchising's growth possibilities seem boundless. John Galardi, 31, started out as a 50¢-an-hour counter boy in a Los Angeles tacos parlor a decade ago. He worked long hours, saved diligently and became a part owner, an investment that he has since parlayed into a chain of 50 Der Wienerschnitzel hot-dog stands and 190 other franchised outlets in 20 states. Today, Galardi puts his personal worth at "a couple of million." Over the past decade, Al Lapin Jr., 41, has built an investment of \$25,000 into Los Angeles-based International Industries, a \$40 million-a-year franchisor (pancake shops, business colleges, shirt stores). Last week Lapin agreed to pay \$220 million in stock to acquire Ramada Inns, a chain of more than 200 motels. Like many an executive of conglomerate companies, Lapin takes pride in his ability to "put together a management package and apply it to any kind of service."

To Merle Levine, who has run one of Lapin's International Pancake Houses in downtown Los Angeles for three years, that package is a sound one. For a total investment of \$65,000, Levine receives accounting, tax and marketing

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help as well as the use of International Pancake's name and advertising programs—and he earns over \$20,000 a year. Other franchisees may need to invest as little as \$300 to distribute disposable plastic aprons for the Poly Prim Plastic Corp. or as much as \$1,000,000 or more for a Holiday Inns franchise.

Monitored Motels. The franchisee's influence on its outlets is often pervasive. Holiday Inns, for example, monitors its motels to make sure that they spend at least 2.6% of room revenues on soap, towels and other guest supplies. Because of such vigilance, the industry claims, fewer than 10% of all franchisees fail in the first 18 months of operation, compared with 50% for small businesses as a whole. Chicago-based McDonald's Corp., which sells 2,000,000 hamburgers a day (and grossed \$335 million last year), boasts that not one of its 1,100 outlets has ever lost money. To keep the profits flowing, McDonald's takes pains to pick ambitious managers, then sends them to its "Hamburger U" in Elk Grove Village for a three-week cram course in how to keep the overhead as lean as the beef.

In many localities, franchisees are pinching independent businessmen, often to the point of forcing them out of business—or into a franchise network. At the same time, the food-franchise field is becoming unmistakably crowded, raising the question of just how much fried chicken and hamburgers the public can consume. Many Wall Street analysts expect a shakeout, with marginal operators either going out of business or consolidating with bigger competitors. In another form of consolidation, many leading franchisees, including Kentucky Fried Chicken and Howard Johnson, have repurchased a number of their franchisees. Howard Johnson says that in the future most, if not all, of its new motels and restaurants will be company-owned. Besides being more profitable, explains President Howard B. Johnson, company-owned outlets "enable you to maintain better quality control on service." For the same reasons, Holiday Inns last week was negotiating to buy up 100 of its 898 franchisee motels.

The Dominant Form. In one sense, such activity only underscores the success of franchising. It means that the leading operators have amassed so much money that they no longer need franchising for inexpensive expansion. In any case, the trend gives so few signs of slowing that officials of the International Franchise Association predict that the industry will eventually become the dominant form of retailing. Even as Howard Johnson and Holiday Inns have moved to cut down on franchisees, two competitors, Sheraton and Hilton Hotels have been rushing headlong into franchising. So anxious is Hilton to enter the field that rather than develop its own outlets from scratch, it has arranged to franchise existing hotel and motor inns under its own name.

CONGLOMERATES

Second salvo

Washington's first big salvo against conglomerate corporations came only last month. It was fired by the Justice Department, which announced plans for an antitrust suit to divest Ling-Temco-Vought of its controlling interest in Jones & Laughlin Steel. Last week, "multimarket" companies, as they prefer to be called, quavered again as the Federal Trade Commission took aim at a merger by another big concern, Los Angeles-based Litton Industries.

Litton's latest merger is far smaller than James Ling's \$425 million J. & L. deal, and does not even involve an American concern. The FTC's target is a pair of West German typewriter makers in which Litton (1968 sales: \$1.9 billion) bought a majority interest last January. Their worldwide sales total some \$52 million, but only \$7.5 million comes from the U.S., where their Triumph-Adler brand of typewriters accounts for a minuscule share of the market. But the FTC complains that the acquisition tends to "lessen competition" in violation of the Clayton Antitrust Act because Litton already owns the Royal typewriter company, which accounts for 40% of the manual- and 11% of the electric-typewriter market in the U.S.

The accusation struck Litton as somewhat ironic. The company traces part of a 1968 profit slide to Royal's poor performance in the electric-typewriter market—of which 80% is held by IBM. Litton Chairman Charles B. ("Tex") Thornton promises to fight the suit on grounds that the Triumph-Adler deal would in fact promote "effective competition" in the U.S. market.

RUMANIA

Turning West

A cherished aim of Rumania's independent Communist boss Nicolae Ceausescu is to see his country outgrow its role as the melon-and-cucumber patch of Eastern Europe. Nothing will change, he realizes, if the Russians have their way. So Ceausescu stubbornly resists the integration of Rumania's economy with the Soviet bloc's Council for Mutual Economic Assistance (Comecon). Instead, he relies largely on Western technology to turn his country toward industrialization.

Bucharest these days is aswarm with West German, British, French and Japanese visitors peddling such industrial tools as airplanes, chemical equipment and textile machinery. Already half of Rumania's trade is with non-Communist countries, compared with only 20% a decade ago. Rumania's industrial production grew 12% in 1968, the greatest increase of any country in the Eastern bloc. The expansion was more than twice as rapid as that of Czechoslovakia or Hungary, and it exceeded the U.S.S.R.'s growth rate by one third.

The Rumanian effort is evident at Galati, once a quiet town of peasants and fishermen on the Danube, where the blast furnaces of huge new steel mills now light the night sky. When fully completed next year, the complex will lift the country's annual steel output from 4,400,000 tons to 6,900,000 tons, almost as much as Australia's production and more than Sweden's. Petrochemical plants are rising at Ploesti, next to Rumania's oil wells, which until recently constituted the country's only significant industry. In conjunction with Yugoslavia, the Rumanians have nearly completed the Danube's largest dam, for hydroelectric power, at a point where the river flows through the Iron Gate

REUTERS/BUCHAREST



IRON GATE DAM ABUILDING
Outgrowing the melons and cucumbers.

gorge in the Carpathian Mountains. Within two years, Rumania's expanding machine-tool industry should become an important source of exports.

Forced industrialization has left scars on the country's economy. Housing shortages persist because industrial construction has priority. Though the average Rumanian's material lot is somewhat better than it was five years ago, his monthly pay is still only about \$67 and the goods he can buy are generally shoddy because better-quality products of farm and factory are sold abroad. Meat is a once-a-week delicacy and Bucharest butcher shops offer mostly sausage. Lately, Rumanian planners have begun to worry that factories may be pulling so many workers off the under-mechanized collective farms that crop shortages will develop. However that problem turns out, Ceausescu's biggest economic gamble is political. He banks on his faithful adherence to Communist political doctrine—and a police state—

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to outweigh Moscow's annoyance with his trade ties to the West. Rumania's leaders reckon that they can and must take that risk if they are to build a modern state.

LABOR

Underground Revolt

For three decades, until his retirement in 1960, John L. Lewis reigned as the uncrowned monarch of West Virginia, where coal is the fundament of kingdom. His heir as boss of the United Mine Workers is no seigneur. After six years in the job, W. A. ("Tony") Boyle is threatened by a rank-and-file revolt that would have been inconceivable in John L.'s day. The disaffection has seriously weakened Boyle's grip on the union, and could even cost him his job.

The U.M.W.'s 140,000 members are vociferously and increasingly critical of the union's cooperation with the coal industry. Their partnership has made U.S. coal miners by far the best-paid in the world (average: \$7,000 a year) and created an industry so highly mechanized that American coal is cheaper than the domestic product in most of Europe—even in Newcastle. Yet cooperation can go too far. In 1968, the union was found to be conspiring with the Consolidation Coal Co. to create a monopoly in the soft-coal industry and was ordered to pay half of the \$7,300,000 damages awarded by a federal District Court. The case is on appeal.

Too Close Ties. Miners are legitimately resentful of the union's niggardly pension system, which gives them only \$115 a month after 20 hazardous years underground. Lewis has retired—and Boyle will retire—at full pay: \$50,000 a year. Though miners are the nation's greatest sufferers from occupational ailments—notably "black lung" or pneumoconiosis—they get medical benefits only so long as they remain on the job. They argue, moreover, that the pension fund, fed by a royalty of 40¢ per ton of coal mined, ties the union too closely to the fortunes of the coal companies and tends to emphasize production rather than benefits for the mine workers. Last week West Virginia Representative Ken Hechler called for a congressional investigation of the fund, which in 1968 earned only \$4,600,000 on a \$180 million balance. U.M.W. members also chafe at the union's undemocratic organization.

The issue that finally may unseat the U.M.W.'s leadership is mine safety. Coal miners, who won an 8%-a-year wage and fringe-benefit increase last October, argue that Boyle should have held out for a vigorous safety program on the part of the mine operators.

More than 300 miners were killed last year, Boyle did not exactly appease his dues payers with a graceless statement after Consolidation's supposedly "safe" Consol No. 9 turned into a gas-filled grave for 78 mine workers last November. The union boss philosophized

that "as long as we mine coal there is always the inherent danger of explosion." Miners also complain about union inertia during this year's successful effort to get a bill through the West Virginia legislature compensating them for black lung, an irreversible condition that results from inhaling coal dust. Led by three coal-country physicians and joined by Congressman Ken Hechler and omnipurpose crusader Ralph Nader, most of the state's 43,000 miners walked off their jobs in a three-week wildcat strike and marched on the state capitol bearing a coffin.

Although the union leadership later claimed credit for the bill's passage, dissident members contend that aging Ray Humphreys, president of U.M.W.'s District 17, reflects the real attitude at the



U.M.W.'S BOYLE

Danger of explosion, all right.

union's sumptuous Washington headquarters. Says Humphreys: "I guess we did let the sons of bitches get us behind the eight ball."

Hats in the Ring. Boyle's most serious competition for the union presidency is Elijah Wolford, 43, a miner who has switched to night work so he can spend his days campaigning. "The union," says Wolford, "has moved too far away from its original purpose—to protect the workingman."

So far, U.M.W. headquarters has responded to rank-and-file unrest with articles in the *Mine Workers Journal* that apply such standard invective as "finks" and "professional fakers" to the dissidents. Boyle has accused them of "trying to lead a fight against the union for their own political expediency." The U.M.W. president, who rarely visits the bleak mine towns where his members precariously earn their living, has decided that he should do some campaigning himself. U.M.W. headquarters announced this week that Boyle will tour West Virginia to tell the miners "what the union has done for them."

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Six-legged stevedores

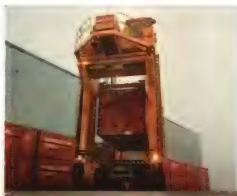
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MODERN LIVING

FASHION

Problems in Pants

Sure, deck your lower limbs in pants; Yours are the limbs, my sweetening. You look divine as you advance—Have you seen yourself retreating?

Ogden Nash wrote those lines in the 1930s, when people still looked up every time an airplane flew over, and a woman who wore pants was either an actress or an athlete. He could hardly have foreseen the day when, at high noon, two out of every five women passing the entrance of Henri Bendel's in Manhattan would be dressed in trousers. The fact that women's pants are a fact of life (45 million pairs will be sold in the U.S. this year) is a source of solid comfort to fabric manufacturers. It takes three yards of material to make a pair of pants, v. one yard for a miniskirt. But it is also a source of problems for the women who wear them. As any man knows, pants get caught in bicycle chains. They bag at the knees, wrinkle in the rain and flap in the wind. Their cuffs collect water, dirt and lint. Their zippers fail. Pants also excite dogs.

What is more, a lot of the women who wear pants should take a cue from Ogden Nash. Designer Norman Norell says: "Every time I ship a box of pants to the stores, I worry about who is going to wear them." In Norell's trousers, which are cut straight from the hip, any woman who is not reed-thin is apt to look like a walking example of cluster zoning. A well-curved curple is absolutely essential, too, for the Yves St. Laurent pants suits that are the cat's pajamas at the moment. Although some of St. Laurent's designs are splen-

didly elegant, they are certainly not meant to be worn by size 14 women. Yet St. Laurent makes and sells them in size 14.

Considering the problems pants present, the current female fascination with trousers is a little baffling. Yet they appear everywhere, in all sorts of styles and at all sorts of places. Some hang from the shoulders like farmer's overalls; others hug the hips like an Italian gigolo, or stick to the thighs as if the wearer had just emerged from a shower. In denim and khaki, they go to student protests and love-ins; in lace, they go to dinner and the theater; in twill and flannel, they even go to the office.

Sexier in Socks? There are exceptions, of course. "Although our employees dress real kicky and high fashion," says a spokesman for Tenneco Corp. of Houston. "I don't think pants would fit into that picture." On the other hand, pants are fairly common around publishing companies, advertising agencies and show-business offices. Such top restaurants as Chasen's in Los Angeles and the Colony in Manhattan, both of which used to ban pants from their premises, no longer turn them away. Arriving at New York's 21 last month, Comedienne Judy Carne of *Laugh-In* well knew that her tunic-topped pants suit was unacceptable. With a photographer recording the scene, Judy thereupon slipped off her pants, left them at the checkroom, and stalked past the maitre d' suitably dressed in her tunic only—in fact, the miniest of miniskirts. Next day the restaurant stopped barring pants.

Anthropologist Margaret Mead, perhaps because she is a woman, thinks trousers are just fine—although she rarely wears them. "Women are looking



CARNE CHECKING IN AT "21"
How to beat the ban.

for greater freedom—freedom from corsets, girdles, tight belts, tight shoes—just as men have been trying to get out of tight collars," she says. Norman Norell, perhaps because he is a designer, thinks that a woman actually has more sex appeal in trousers than in a dress. "Ripping off a woman's pants is sexier than ripping off a dress," he says. (And harder, it might be added.) But Sociologist-Author Charles Winick (*The New People*) probably comes closer to reflecting the majority masculine view. "Pants," he points out, "make extemporaneous sex more difficult." To say nothing about the fact that they also defeminize a shapely pair of legs.

Still, nothing, obviously, is going to stop females from wearing trousers—at least until the fashion winds shift. In fact, Designer Geoffrey Beene predicts that "by the year 2000, women will be wearing only pants." There is one thing that men can do to retaliate: stop wear-



PANTS—IN PAISLEY



IN OPENWORK CROCHET



REAR VIEW



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April 7, 1969

ing pants themselves. Paris Couturier Pierre Cardin expects them to do just that. Last month, when he showed his new menswear collection, the first garment displayed was a sleeveless jumper designed to be worn over high vinyl boots. In other words, a dress.

WINES

When Average Means Awful

Scratch a wine expert, find a frustrated poet. Wines are seldom good or bad; they are "serious" or "sprightly," "frivolous" or "untrustworthy." When New York Wine Importer Frank Schoonmaker talks about "sunny, lovable little fellows, never a bit sullen or ill-tempered or withdrawn," he is not boasting about his children or a litter of puppies; he is describing the wines of the Rhine and Moselle river valleys.


This predilection for hyperbole can only confuse the casual wine drinker. As a beginning of wisdom, he must understand that oenologists are scarcely detached observers—nearly all are in the wine business. Thus, when he hears the experts describe 1968 as an "average" vintage year for French and German wines, he should recognize that average actually means awful.

The fact is that 1968 was an awful year in most of Europe. Too much rain and too little sunshine conspired to produce mediocre wines from the vineyards of Burgundy and the Rhine, Rhone and Moselle valleys. Bordeaux was not quite as badly hit, but its vineyards produced only one-third of the normal amount of quality wine. On simplified vintage charts, 1968 will be rated no better than 4 out of a possible 10.

Short but Sad. The meager quantity and poor quality of the 1968 crop are already being reflected in skyrocketing U.S. prices for older vintages. A bottle of 1966 Bonnes Mares Comte de Vogüé (described as "noble," "powerful" and "long-lived") today costs twice as much as it did a year ago. Prices for 1966 quality wines have gone up 30% or 40% since last spring. A case of 1967 Chateau Lafite Rothschild, a famous Bordeaux, last December was priced at \$76 (f.o.b. France). A case of the same wine is now selling for more than \$100.

Despite excessive prices for such well-known labels, it is still possible to find a decent table wine at a decent price: about \$3.50 a bottle. Still, bargain hunters must beware. The increasing shortage of good imported wine stocks in the U.S. has encouraged some promoters to foist off cheap and often undrinkable French wines on unsuspecting American customers. One British wine merchant is shipping to the U.S. a vineyard rose named Bourgogne-Chaintette, which he touts as "light, dry, refreshing" and "a great rarity." Only the last phrase is accurate. With a magnifying glass and a knowledge of French, the customer will discover that Bourgogne-Chaintette is a vineyard on the grounds of the Psychiatric Hospital of L'Yonne.

TIME, APRIL 18, 1969



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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Daughter of Bacchus

Isadora drank too much, she couldn't keep her hands off good-looking young men, couldn't bother to keep her figure in shape, never could keep track of her money

But a great sense of health filled the hall when the pear-shaped figure with the beautiful great arms tramped forward slowly from the back of the stage. She was afraid of nothing; she was a great dancer.

John Dos Passos, in *U.S.A.*

Her youth was *fin de siècle*; her philosophy was *fin du monde*. She was an earthly personification of Emily Dickinson's inebriate of air and debauchee of dew, stoned on life and art. In answer to the question, "What gods has mankind worshipped?" Dancer Isadora Duncan once replied: "Dionysus—yesterday, Christ—today. After tomorrow, Bacchus at last!" In short she was the quintessential bohemian, the ideal subject for a screen biography. *The Loves of Isadora* supplies the ideal object: Vanessa Redgrave, whose enactment of Duncan carries with it an exquisite sensitivity and a formidable intelligence.

That intelligence can seldom shine through the film. Director Karel Reisz (*Morgan!*) has found an appropriate Proustian mode in which to tell the story, pouring time forward and then reversing it, like the sand in an hourglass. But he places Isadora, the first natural dancer, on a background of numbing artificiality and casts her opposite a series of unconvincing poseurs and popinjays. The baroque scenario—radically cut from 170 to 131 minutes—is florid without being literate, essentially true to the events, but essentially false to the tragicomic character who made them happen.

Macabre Accident. As a child in San Francisco, Isadora burned her parents' marriage certificate to free herself from moral convention. She yielded to the tyranny of official paper only once thereafter—when she married her Russian lover in order to bring him into the U.S. Between those parentheses, she ransacked the temples of Hellenic culture, switched from dresses to togas and from shoes to sandals. In America, the bourgeois dismissed her as a wanton. It was in Europe that she won her recognition—and lost her life when her trailing scarf wound around a racing-car wheel. Her last words seem written in art-nouveau script: "*Adieu, mes amis, je vais à la gloire.*"

Duncan's first love affair was with Stage Designer Gordon Craig, whose electric presence is dimmed in the film to about 40 watts by James Fox. Her most celebrated amour was Paris Sing-



REDGRAVE AS ISADORA
Essentially true to the events.

er (Jason Robards), the sewing-machine heir. Singer's idea of a hauble was a ten-diamond pendant; Robards' idea of acting is to hark his love scenes tersely, as if ordering a gross of No. 11 needles. Isadora had a child by each of her lovers; both children died in an absurd and macabre automobile accident in France. From then on, it was a long *bourrée* downhill. "I love potatoes and

BETWEEN SCENES



DUNCAN AS HERSELF (ca. 1910)
Essentially false to the character.

young men," she sighed, "that's my trouble!" Calorities and sycophants attended her decline. Choreographer George Balanchine recalled her Russian dance recital in 1921: "Absolutely unbelievable—a drunken, fat woman who for hours was rolling around like a pig."

Like Tigris. It is in those wasted, final years that Redgrave gives the film its ironic dimension. Isadora, in a flutter of unpaid bills and lispng parasites, refuses to give way to age. Her hair is dyed a defiant red, her face is a map of cracks and hollows—but the body still rages against the dying of the light. Although thin herself, Redgrave miraculously conveys grossness. As she writhes and leaps in Duncan's unique free-foot choreography, the actress further illuminates Isadora as a reconciliation of opposites—a naive sophisticate, a Continental hick, a selfless egotist who, Agnes de Mille recalls, "cleared away the rubbish. Isadora was a gigantic broom."

The film could have used that broom—most notably in the cluttered depiction of Isadora's marriage to Russian Poet Sergei Essenin. To portray the epileptic genius at high pitch, Yugoslav Actor Ivan Telenko is called upon to leap backward at Isadora and roar, "Ve make law like tigris!" With that kind of dialogue, and no one to act against—or for—Redgrave cannot help turning the picture into a gigantic one-woman show. So, of course, was Isadora Duncan—but even she had help.

Mod Embroidery

Like all too many of its forerunners in the mod-spy genre, *Otley* makes no sense after the second reel. Until then, it appears to be an espionage thriller about a whimsical drifter and sometime antique dealer named Otley (Tom Courtenay) who sacks out one night in a mate's apartment and wakes up to find his friend dead. Everyone naturally thinks that Otley can clear up the killing, so he is frantically pursued by the Special Branch, the Other Side and a sultry-hut-enigmatic counterspy (Romy Schneider). No one is really who he pretends to be, which makes for more confusion, but all is put right at the end, with Otley wandering once more among the antique boutiques.

The acting, at least, is not bad. Courtenay, as usual, is excellent, and there are a couple of sharp character performances by James Villiers as an over-stuffed, treacherous top, and Freddy Jones as a shrill and sinister faggot named Proudfoot. But their portraits are so much pretty embroidery on a pale and well-worn pattern.

Sleight-of-Tongue Artist

Before Winter Comes is a film to be remembered—rather than seen. It has a vague plot, conventional camerawork and a feeble scenario. But it also serves as the major debut of a major performer: Israeli Actor Topol.

Topol has starred before—in *Sallah*.



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a minor movie produced and shot in his homeland. But this is his first leading role in an international big-budget project. It is difficult to see where the money went. Certainly little of it was spent developing the story. In an army camp, circa 1945, a British major (David Niven) tries to impose order on an overflow of displaced persons. From the serried ranks a leader named Janovic emerges. As played by Topol, he is a sleight-of-tongue artist. Janovic can lie in a dozen languages and seduce a girl with the drop of a decibel. He is also a deserter from the Russian army.

Although he likes to play the Eternal Survivor, Janovic cannot avoid the relentless Red pursuit. The slow chase provides the picture's sporadic suspense and tragic finale. With an indefinable ac-



TOPOl IN "BEFORE WINTER COMES"
Rags as fair as Joseph's coat.

cent, Topol handles the script's half-aphorisms with more panache than they deserve ("It is easier to know ten lands than one man"). His hypnotic combination of shy manner and sly authority steals the film from Niven—a feat comparable to picking Dillinger's pocket.

Born in 1935, Chaim Topol began his show-business career as a barracks clown in the Israeli army. His performances became such a morale factor that headquarters ordered him to be an actor. He has been following those orders ever since. Topol's most important future role is Teyve in the film version of *Fiddler on the Roof*.

There could be no better choice. Teyve is the very image of an impoverished Jewish father who makes his ragged clothes seem every bit as fair as Joseph's coat. After turning *Before Winter Comes* into a movie, Topol should find *Fiddler* a vacation.



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BOOKS

Ernest, Good and Bad

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A LIFE STORY
by Carlos Baker. 697 pages. Scribner.
\$10.

THE orthodox literary theory has been that there were two Hemingways: Ernest the Good and Ernest the Bad. Ernest the Good lived above a sawmill in Paris and worked night and day to become the best writer of his generation. With the help of Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound and the King James Bible, Ernest the Good learned to write books so true that, by his own definition, "after you are finished reading one you will feel that all that happened to you and afterwards it all belongs to you: . . . the people and the places and how the weather was."

By the time he was 30, two novels (*The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*) and the most brilliant short stories since James Joyce's *Dubliners* had made him, in his terminology, a champion. He should have lived happily ever after. But then, along came Ernest the Bad—the nonwriting Hemingway.

Ernest the Bad lived in Key West, drank too much, and kept remarrying. Instead of getting his work done, he was forever playing at great white hunter or brave-hull aficionado or none-too-accurate war correspondent. When Ernest the Bad did write, the crisp sentences came out flabby, self-parodying. Finally, he turned himself from writer into public figure: "Papa," the self-indulgent joker whom his embarrassed admirers couldn't drag offstage and back to his Ernest-the-Good writing desk.

Fraid a Nothing, Because Hemingway was so flamboyant and public a figure, Carlos Baker's long-awaited biography could hardly discover hidden chapters of his life. But Baker—a Princeton professor, the author of an earlier critical study of Hemingway's writing and sometime novelist himself—is the

scholarly inheritor of Hemingway's papers. He has used the material to fashion the first solid, cohesive and convincingly authentic account of a lifetime most often presented in the past in fragments by partisan observers. The book's great additional merit is that it forces readers to take Hemingway whole. After Baker, Ernest the Good and Ernest the Bad will never again be quite so neatly, so conveniently and so misleadingly separated.

The book ends on the morning of July 2, 1961, when Hemingway killed himself with a shotgun. He was exhausted at the time and had been under treatment for erratic blood pressure, liver ailments and acute melancholia. But, Baker implies, the tragic themes of Hemingway's writing were not contradicted but confirmed by that final act and by Hemingway's entire personal history.

Certainly Hemingway's life was as haunted by death and violence as his stories. "When asked what he is afraid of," his mother wrote of five-year-old Ernest, "he shouts out *fraid a nothing*." But he felt compelled to spend half a lifetime proving it. An astonishing number of Baker's pages—and the book's rich lode of rarely seen illustrations—document the journeys Hemingway undertook to various test sites of courage: high school football in Oak Park, Ill., three wars, hunting grounds from Idaho to Africa, boxing and bull rings, ski slopes, tour marriage beds.

Ernest had a way of attracting further tests. In the early Paris days, his infant son, Bumby (John Hemingway, first child by first wife, Hadley Richardson), cut the pupil of Daddy's right eye with his fingernail. Baker recounts how Hemingway broke a toe on a gate, tore his stomach on a boat cleat, ripped open

his hand on a punching bag, and shot himself in both legs while trying to land a shark. He was particularly prone to head injury: four major concussions in one two-year stretch.

Violence characterized many of Hemingway's personal relationships too, as novelist John Dos Passos found out when he visibly and unflatteringly portrayed Hemingway in his novel *Chosen Country*. Hemingway spoke lividly of training his dogs and cats to "attack one-eyed Portuguese bastards." According to Baker, he called Scott Fitzgerald, who revered him, "a rummy and a liar with the inbred talent of a dishonest and easily frightened angel." Thomas Wolfe he rated as "a one-book glandular giant with the guts of three mice." Once he provoked a fight in a hotel dining room with William Saroyan, and when the poet Wallace Stevens, 20 years his senior, visited him on Key West, he left with a rather mysterious black eye. All things being equal, William Faulkner got off lightly: he was merely nicknamed "Old Corn-drinking Mellifluous."

Papa's Pocket Rubens. Hemingway was almost as hard on the women in his life. With considerable literary license, he transmogrified some of the girls he admired into famous fictional characters. Agnes von Kurowsky, his World War I nurse, became Catherine in *A Farewell to Arms*; a hard-drinking English aristocrat, Lady Duft Twysden, turned up as Lady Brett in *The Sun Also Rises*; the aging colonel's lissome *contessa* in *Across the River and Into the Trees* is a highly romanticized version of 19-year-old Adriana Ivancich, an Italian beauty whom the Hemingways knew in Venice in 1949.

He was also fond of boasting that he had taken every woman he wanted, and some he hadn't. When he left handsome, auburn-haired Hadley for his second wife, Pauline (a *Vogue* fashion editor, "small and determined as a terrier"), he described himself as "gon of a bitch sans peur et sans reproche." Author Martha Gellhorn was No. 3—he wooed her during the Spanish Civil War and separated from her in World



TROUT FISHING AS FIVE-YEAR-OLD, 1904



ON CRUTCHES AFTER WOUND, ITALY, 1918



WITH DOWNED

MRS. PAUL S. HEMINGWAY



WITH HADLEY, WEDDING DAY, 1921



PAULINE, SAN SEBASTIAN, 1927



MARTHA, SUN VALLEY, 1941

GEORGE LEAVENS



AND MARY, CUBA, 1948

War II. She complained that he took too few baths—and besides, she had her own career as novelist and journalist to follow. Hemingway classified her with his mother, whom he condemned as “a domineering shrew.” Baker appears to stand discreetly in awe of Mary Hemingway (called “Papa’s Pocket Rubens” by her husband), who stood by him from 1945 to the end.

Warts and All. Hemingway’s motto was “*Il faut d’abord durer*” (One must, above all, endure). He was relaxed, fulfilled, only when writing well or when life’s hostilities were out in the open—during war. “Having a wonderful time!” he wrote friends after his baptism of fire as a World War I ambulance driver. As a correspondent in World War II, he reiterated: “I love combat.” Baker suggests that Hemingway’s “esthetic of pleasure and pride” in “killing cleanly” may have been applied to war as well as the hunt.

Carlos Baker’s warts-and-all treatment doesn’t make Hemingway particularly likable. But it does make him more

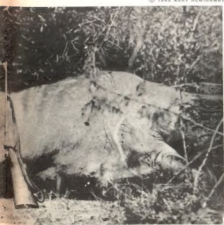
fully human than any accounts by previous memoirists or by Hemingway himself. Baker’s approach—a kind of uncompromised sympathy—grants Hemingway in abundance the personal virtues of charm, impulsive kindness, physical courage and even “grace under pressure”—if the pressure did not threaten him too directly. But long before his final crack-up, Baker makes evident, Hemingway felt habitually threatened. The he-man swagger and the toothy grin camouflaged a soul less in the family of Jack London than of Edgar Allan Poe. Hemingway’s life, like his writing, contained, in the words of Critic Edmund Wilson, “the undruggable consciousness of something wrong.”

The life of a great writer—or any writer—should not be confused with the value of his works. It was Hemingway’s opinion and hope that a writer will be judged finally by the sum total and average of what he has written—and on

nothing else. Resolutely concerned with turning out a solid and meticulous biography, Baker sticks to the life, refusing to pass judgment on the works—as, in fact, he ultimately abstains from personal judgment of the man.

He is no doubt correct when he argues that it is too soon to offer any speculation about lurking critical questions. (For example: Will Hemingway endure mainly as a short-story writer or as a novelist?) Yet the absence of strong opinion and strong feeling, one way or another, finally seems an aggravating weakness of the book.

One other thing is missing—an adequate tribute to the fact that Hemingway’s obsession with death came paired with a ravenous appetite for living. He savored the odor, the flavor, the texture of life like a condemned man eating his last meal. None of his contemporaries described life’s “moveable feast” so lovingly. He took an elemental, purring pleasure in food, drink, sun, physical grace, all animals. He condensed life to pure sensuousness, and be-



BUFFALO, AFRICA, 1934



AWARDED BRONZE STAR, HAVANA, 1947



MATADOR TALK WITH ORDOÑEZ, MADRID, 1960

fore he savaged it—and before it savaged him—he celebrated it as it has rarely been celebrated in art.

Despite its dryness of tone, Baker's book is a massive and humane critical achievement. He firmly makes a necessary point: This sometimes foolish, vain and gallant man might have gone through life merely flailing at his personal terror—shooting it, gaffing it or punching it in the nose. Instead, he also tried to exorcise it with words. That made all the difference.

Bare Survival

SOMETHING TO ANSWER FOR by P. H. Newby. 285 pages. J. B. Lippincott. \$5.95.

What tortures a P. H. Newby hero goes through? In real life Newby is the gentlemanly chief of the BBC's gentlemanly Third Programme; in his fiction he is committed to the notion that a novelist's job is to beat the truth out of his characters. With an author like him, a novel has no need of villains.

Something to Answer For finds Newby at his often brilliant but racking best. If the reader does not mind getting his lumps, he will also come in for a fair share of illumination—along with Townrow, Newby's latest punching bag.

Townrow is not undeserving of his fate. A failed theological student, a failed husband, he wears the dank, damned look of a Graham Greene reject. His main achievement in 35 years has been to embezzle money from a charity fund dedicated to the memory of drowned Boy Scouts. With modest accuracy, he describes himself as given to "spasms of dishonesty, lechery and disloyalty."

It is the spasm of dishonesty that brings him back to Egypt, where he had served as a soldier in World War II. Officially, Townrow is there to help arrange the affairs of an elderly widow, assuming an altruistic role as the dead husband's best friend. But being Townrow, he keeps a twitching eye out for a piece of the estate.

At that point, Newby and his brass knuckles take over. He has thoughtfully managed Townrow's arrival to coincide with the Suez crisis of 1956. His first night in Port Said, Townrow is robbed of all his clothes, beaten up and left in the desert. After that he moves in a "never-ending daze," not much surer of who he is than every body else.

The Egyptians suspect Townrow of being a British agent, and at times he wonders what's up himself. A love affair with a Jewish named Leah only further confuses him—Newby is not about to leave him so easy an out. Townrow is shot at, charged by a mob and jailed. In between disasters he is plagued by bad dreams and a virus with a 102° fever.

What is Newby up to with this trial by ordeal? Alone in an alien and hostile land, Townrow is stripped naked, first physically, then spiritually. Eventually, he runs out of roles to play.

Peeled of all his masks, Townrow is destroyed in order that he may come to life.

Rebirth with Newby is no hallelujah experience. It means confronting and finally answering the question that one's particular destiny has been asking from the beginning. At the end, Townrow lives out the dream that has haunted him from the opening page. Like a saintly pilgrim, he sets off across Port Said harbor in a small boat, ferrying the coffin of the dead man whose estate he came to plunder, and then moves out to sea in search of an absolute emptiness in which to find himself.

Tough-minded as a Greek tragedian, Newby hits a poor anti-hero with every thunderbolt from Olympus. What keeps him from really being a literary sadist is the confidence he conveys to the reader that Townrow, like men generally, has what it takes for bare survival.



D. KEITH MANO
Job was dobed in pitch.

A Core of Fear

HORN by D. Keith Mano. 337 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.95.

If Dante were alive today, he might well add another circle in the lower depths of his *Inferno*. Inhabiting this new pit of horror would be the warring Negro leaders of Harlem and the meddling white man who tries to understand them. It is just such a journey into hell that D. Keith Mano, a white author, describes with Dantesque fervor in his second novel, *Horn*.

Mano's narrator is Calvin Beecher Pratt, a timid, fat, white Episcopal priest who leaves a cloistered, scholarly life to take over a crumbling empty church in the imagined Harlem of the 1970s. There Pratt becomes inextricably involved with an anti-white Negro organization called the Horn Power Move-

ment and its dynamic but tormented leader, George Horn Smith. Middleweight champion of the world, orator, professed illiterate and economic genius, Smith is a man possessed of a freakish protuberance—an eleven-inch horn jutting from his forehead.

Despite his improbable appendage and his charismatic leadership—he combines traces of Martin Luther King, Malcolm X and Eldridge Cleaver—Smith as a character is most extraordinary for his recognizable human qualities and frailties. Behind Horn Smith's power and hatred there is a person who desperately needs the recognition and sympathy even of a self-consciously inadequate white priest. Yet the fact that Pratt and Smith somehow strike up something that can be construed as friendship is remarkable. The unusual results of their mutual "needs" raise the novel above the level of an otherwise purely allegorical tale of ghetto politics.

Pratt is subjected to all sorts of tortments. He is psychologically humiliated at an anti-white Horn Power demonstration and is badly beaten up by a deranged Episcopal priest, whose own congregation, at Horn's command, has deserted him for Pratt's church. At a floor-by-floor, six-story orgy staged by Horn, Pratt is exposed to blatant homosexuals, naked prostitutes, hallucinatory drugs. Then one of Horn's co-workers and antagonists threatens to blind and castrate him. Finally, the cowering priest is coated with pitch and thrown naked out into the streets. There at last he is rescued by Horn, who expresses an almost sadistic pride in Pratt's endurance of these humiliations—as if Horn were God putting Pratt as Job through a test of his dedication.

His body burned free of all its hair, Pratt's mind verges on madness. Though he has survived these trials, Pratt still lives in fear and trembling of Horn and his apocalyptic world. And in the end, when someone attempts to kill Horn, it is Pratt who tries to protect him. Secluded in the bowels of Pratt's church, where Horn has maintained a secret hideout for years, the two men finally reveal themselves to each other. Pratt has always been a misfit—he says—though he does have the courage to admit his fears and weakness. Horn emerges as a dabbler in medieval studies and essentially a moderate leader, doomed to be destroyed by more brutal and extremist forces. These exchanged confidences, however, offer no comfort.

Pratt reports to his superior: "I've learned that I do not, cannot, understand the Negro people. That's what I've learned. And by learning it, I've learned some few things about myself." The measure of understanding that might keep black men and white from brutalizing each other is the real subject of Mano's perceptive if bizarre parable. It is the fear in the hearts of both races that Mano sees at the core of a deadly contest in this inner circle of a contemporary hell.

The Will to Win

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